

NEWS-NOTES.

—Northern Pacific common 20½ preferred 42½

—The question of the hour will be settled at Chicago Wednesday night.

—Gen. Garfield says the republican ship is heading toward danger at Chicago, but he doesn't think Grant will be nominated.

—A ripple of excitement disturbed the financial element in New York and Philadelphia when it was announced that the Reading coal and iron company had suspended.

—Private Secretary, W. K. Rogers, has taken to the lecture field. He spoke last Friday in Baltimore, at the Tabernacle, for the benefit of the sufferers by the great fire at Milton, Pa.

—Gov. Ordway was confirmed by the senate this week and will start for Dakota May 30th, taking in the Chicago convention with his friend E. D. Chamber, en route. Chamber will act as the major domo of the Blaine forces at the convention.

—Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, with other chiefs, passed through St. Paul Monday, en route to Washington, where they go to sign articles granting the right of way to the M. & S. P. and Chicago & N. W. railroads, to cross the Sioux reservation.

—A new motor power is on exhibition in Washington that propels a three horse power engine at the rate of three hundred revolutions a minute on ten pounds of coal and a gallon and a half of water. After the fire was put out the machine ran an hour.

—A contract has been made by an American company with the Nicaraguan government for the construction of a canal across the Isthmus. It is said that President Hayes, Gen'l Grant and Admiral Ammen are interested. The contract on the part of the Americans was made by A. G. Monceval.

—General Grant's policy regarding the civil service rules was exemplified at the Springfield convention. Commissioner of Internal Revenue Baum was chairman of the convention, and carried out the Logan programme to the letter. In accordance with "Executive Order No. 1," let the axe fall and nominate another commissioner ere the adjournment of congress.

—The German republicans will bolt the party if Grant is nominated, and will work to defeat him. The German republican state committee of New York have addressed a resolution to the national convention protesting against the nomination of General Grant, and threatening the withdrawal of the German vote. If nominated, the Germans in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio will work for Grant's defeat.

—There is something wrong with that man Cumney. He is either an unmitigated rascal, selling out his backers and best friends, or else the sight of the manly Canadian makes him sick, in the same manner as the story goes, it did the Englishmen that gazed on the picture of Washington. The young man from Union Springs has had his length of rope and killed himself. It would be a hard matter to find a respectable American that would back him for a five dollar note.

—At a meeting of passenger agents of the lines, running into Chicago, held April 15th, have announced the following rates: For the national republican convention in Chicago June 20, excursion tickets will be sold at two cents per mile each way good from May 30th to June 20th inclusive. To the conclusion of Knight Templar an excursion rate of one fare for round trip. To the Cincinnati convention two cents per mile each way to be good from June 19th to 26th. These tickets can be purchased from St. Paul.

Gen. Hazen's Concession.

The rain fall in the Yellowstone country for 1879, as reported by the Signal Service observers, was 19 inches, as much as the average of states like Minnesota and Wisconsin that are settled and well provided with forests.

Gen. Hazen in his report on the Yellowstone country a few years ago, remarked that but one-one hundredth only of the land west of the 100th meridian was fit for cultivation, on account of scarcity of rain. During the past three weeks the General has conceded another one hundredth to his estimate of tillable soil. It was probably the storm of Sunday, the 16th, that induced this further concession. The rain was so copious that the Post garden was transformed into a duck pond, requiring the services of a detail of soldiers after "taps" to run sluices and drain the water off. The Sixth Infantry are under orders for Colorado, and the General will miss the garden stuff at his summer mess; but we venture to say he is ready to concede that the rain fall is sufficient, and the exceptional hundredths of tillable soil will be placed on the other side of the column and become the proportion of land that is sterile.

Five acres of land, five miles west of Keogh, produced in 1879, eighteen hundred dollars worth of garden stuff. Well posted residents of that section say this land is no better than the surrounding country, which needs development only to yield crops that will abound, in abundance and quality, the farmers of the east.

Change of Jurisdiction.

The Bismarck Masonic Lodge, granted letters of dispensation before the organization of the Grand Lodge of Dakota by the Grand Lodge of Minnesota, and afterward chartered by the Grand Lodge, which has persisted in holding allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Minnesota, has at last surrendered and has applied for affiliation with the Grand Lodge of Dakota, thus ending a long controversy as to jurisdiction between the two Grand Lodges. A controversy, which, but for this course, would probably have been carried to Grand Lodge of America. The thought that Dakota was certain to be divided at an early day, when allegiance to Minnesota rather than to Southern Dakota would be preferable was the cause of their adherence to Minnesota, but preferring Masonic harmony to their convenience, the lodge applies to the Dakota Grand Lodge for a charter and Masonic recognition.

BULL'S ULTIMATUM.

CONDITIONS UPON WHICH HE WILL SURRENDER.

Capt. Britton's Visit to the Hostile Camp at Poplar Creek—Indians Not Anxious to Surrender as Buffalo are Now Plenty.
(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

BULL'S ULTIMATUM.

Fort Buford, D. T., May 27.—Capt. Britton, 6th Infantry, has just returned from Poplar Creek agency, where Sitting Bull's braves are now located. The hostilities at that agency had repeatedly sent word to Gen. Hazen that they were anxious to surrender, and Capt. Britton interviewed them at length on this point, Major Porter, the Indian agent, lending his assistance. There were three councils held with the hostile Sioux, and great respect was shown to the officers. They listened attentively, but at the outset it seems that Capt. Britton was heavily handicapped by having no largesse to bestow in the shape of eatables. The invariable requirement of an Indian is something to eat, and afterwards, smoke. An eye witness thus gives

THEIR QUERY:

"How can we talk with our stomachs empty and no tobacco to smoke?" Capt. Britton was informed by "squaw men" that had he a supply of provisions with him, or wagons from which to give the Indians but a taste, then roll the wagons Bufordwards, with an invitation to the hungry hostiles to follow, the whole camp would have followed him, even to the last papoose, as long as the food lasted. There were present at these councils the noted "Gall," "Hairy Jaw," "Bear Rib," "Bad Soup" and "Iron Hawk," and while these chiefs listened attentively to the terms of the great father at Washington, as propounded by the soldier chief, viz: "the surrender of their arms and ponies," they were evidently not yet prepared to yield, and like Wilkins Micawber, were waiting for something to turn up. Substantially they say, "We are not all in yet. It may be some time before all our people can be heard from in council. Some of our people think they would like to

RETURN TO THEIR AGENCIES,

and some do not care where they may go. Many of us came south of the line to get buffalo and antelope; have a grand hunt and then go back north. We are not like the pale faces, who, with a little stick and piece of paper, can, in a short time decide what a skin is worth. An Indian is slow of thought. A white chief says to his tribe, "Go to some point and live," and they go. We cannot do this. All must be consulted in adopting measures of importance. Chiefs, head soldiers, heads of families, all have a voice in our councils; therefore we hope the white chief will not send his soldiers to hurry us in this matter. We do not want to turn over to the soldiers our guns and ponies. You might as well slap our faces as to ask us to do so. We might as well

DIE AT ONCE.

After our people have all been heard from we would like to visit the chief at the forks of the Missouri (Gen. Hazen) and hear what he has to say."

"Gall," at one time, with several chiefs, thought of coming to Buford with Capt. Britton, but finally weakened. They evidently fear treachery, and dread the idea of being put in irons. A short time since these Indians were on the point of starvation and were ready to surrender, but they are well supplied now with meat, buffalo being within easy range. The grass is green, their ponies getting fat and richard daily becoming more himself again. Thirteen hundred Unkapapas came in to Poplar last winter and surrendered to the Indian agent. They had forty broken down ponies, the most of which died on the agent's hands. Their surrender of arms was the same as the ponies, an equal number of dilapidated small arms being turned in. When ever opportunity offers, they cross to the south side of the Missouri, seeking buffalo, with the comforting proclamation that they will not fight except in self defense.

SITTING BULL, THE JUNIOR.

Gen. Hazen has been honored by a special envoy, accredited to his court by the royal Sitting Bull. A young Unkapapa warrior has arrived at Buford, presenting his credentials as the adopted son of the redoubtable warrior. Young Bull says his people sent him here, having for a long time heard of the chief at Buford. Having been at war ten years, they do not want to fight longer. "We have never struck the first blow. When there has been riches and gold in our country you have driven us away from it. Here is my message from sitting Bull:

My father was a chief, but they cast me out of the camp and left me on the prairie. I have been driven a long way beyond my country to the last point I can be driven to, and I want to know who is doing it. I want to know what you will do with us if we surrender. If it is good, I will come; if not, I won't. I will not until the young man gets back. I want to know if you will build me a trading

store for myself. You have driven me to the last limit, and I don't want to give up my country without some place and some pay for it. If what you say is true and good, then send me four prisoners now at Fort Keogh and I will come and surrender. We want to know what you will do with us."

THE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY

was fully informed by Gen. Hazen of the terms of surrender as laid down by the great father at Washington, and returns to Sitting Bull's camp by the first boat, there, to lay before the assembled braves, in grand council, the conditions required of them in case they surrender.

It is thought here by some that young

Bull's mission was simply to estimate the strength of the militia, and that the Sioux are being joined by the Crows, Bloods, Pegans, and Mandans, preparatory to a raid if things don't suit them.

FORT BUFORD.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)

INTERESTING PERSONAL ITEMS.

Fort Buford, D. T., May 22.—Capt. O. E. Michaels, chief ordnance officer of the department of Dakota, is here and will go to Keogh overland. He is on public business connected with the ordnance department.

Col. Townsend, of the Examining Board, goes east from here. The board complete their labors to-day and the candidates are already under orders to rejoin their respective stations.

Sergt-major Campbell, 18th Infantry, Quartermaster-sergt. M. H. Chatfield, 7th Cavalry, Commissary Sergt. Mickel, U. S. A., Sergeants McBlain, 2d Cavalry, and Traut, 5th Infantry, will leave here by the first boat en route to respective stations, having completed their duties before the Examining Board of which Gen. Hazen is president.

Capt. Thos. Britton, 6th Infantry, has gone to Poplar River agency on business connected with the surrender of Indians. Some of the Indians from the hostile camps have sent in word from time to time that they would surrender readily to any army officer, and it is said there are at Poplar River agency many desirous of surrendering at once. Capt. Britton will look into the matter, and if any of the chiefs really mean business, they will probably be brought to Fort Buford and give up their arms and ponies. Mr. Thos. Henderson, who accompanies Capt. Britton, feels confident that many will surrender if given proper opportunity.

Col. O. H. Moore, 6th Infantry, is drilling the battalion twice each week, and marked improvement is observed in the marching and evolutions. Creditable scores are also general at the targets and the battalion of the 6th, stationed here, has never been in as efficient state as at present.

Mr. Barry has arrived from Bismarck, and having erected his neat little house, is now busy "taking the pictures" of the Bufordites. Per consequence Picadillys are in great demand.

The U. S. signal office here has been enlarged and now presents a neat appearance. Manager Stockman is entitled to great credit for the faithful manner in which all of the duties are performed and his unflinching courtesy always manifested in his business intercourse with all, has won golden opinions from everyone. It is rumored that Stockman may be transferred from this station. If it comes in the shape of advancement we will be glad but in any event will be sorry to part with so genial and upright a young man.

The mammoth edition of THE TRIBUNE creates much comment. One hears the remark, "What progress THE TRIBUNE has made since 1873," and they say true, it has been steadily progressing, growing up with its city, and now comes to us every week an interesting, live paper. May it continue to prosper, its motto ever "Excelsior."

"The Indians have some peculiar beliefs. During the thunder storm last Sunday a squaw and papoose were killed by lightning. It seemed impossible to get the warriors near the corpses, one of them actually running away from the vicinity. They had some theory for this, saying that the bodies now contained a ghost or bad spirit and they were afraid of them. They also remarked that it was all the fault of the whites, a philosophy to them doubtless of much weight, as were the whites not here, the two women would not have been on their way to the garrison looking for food. The usual mutilation of limbs on the part of the living relatives followed the catastrophe and each morning since at an early hour the aged mother of the dead squaw may be seen at the cemetery, moaning over the daughter's grave.

It used to be a well known dodge with the crews of steamboats before entering the Yellowstone, to strike for higher wages at Buford. The scarcity of unemployed men here generally acted as an aid to the strikers and their demands were almost always acceded to. The "roosters" of the Eclipse tried it on a day or two since, and, somewhat to their surprise, got the "grand bounce," some eight of them being discharged on the spot and placed under guard. The next morning they were escorted from the reservation, and doubtless at present are of the opinion that the way of ye striker is hard. REX.

The Ass Left.

Three young men met at a house in this city last Sunday night to pay their compliments to the young lady of the house. One of them being younger than the others seated himself beside the girl and began to chide her about one of the gentleman's age, continually asking her, "How old is he?" etc. "Well," said she, "I don't remember his age but I do know that a man at sixty is younger than an ass at twenty." The ass left.

Bank of Mandan.

The fast increasing business of Mandan has rendered a bank at that place an urgent necessity. The organization has been effected and a board of directors, with the necessary officers consisting entirely of residents of that city, duly ef-

fected. The Bank of Mandan is the title of the new institution, with R. O. Chilstrom, president, W. C. Davie, vice president, B. L. Winston, cashier. The above mentioned, with Frank Meade and C. E. Roby, compose the board of directors. THE TRIBUNE wishes success to this financial germ of the rising young city, and hopes it may bud and blossom into a solid institution, benefiting the present and future generations.

WOLF POINT.

A Few Interesting Items From Assinaboine Agency.

Wolf Point, May 17.—A large number of the young men of this tribe went out day before yesterday to run buffalo and returned to-day with a large quantity of meat. The entire camp will go out hunting as soon as they have finished putting in their crops.

Farming operations under the able management of the farmer, J. J. Jones, are well under way here. Mr. Jones has his hands full in apportioning the land and showing the Indians how to plant. I think nearly if not all the families in the tribe will be represented in the farm this year. There are no provisions here for Indians and there is considerable suffering in consequence thereof. Maj. Porter received advices, before the boats commenced running, to the effect that there was 3,000 sacks of flour to come by the first boat. Six boats have come and the flour has not yet arrived. Whose fault this is, on whom the negligence rests we leave for the solvers of the Gem puzzle to find out. T. C. Power & Bro. are running the Traders' establishment here with Mr. Aubrey (formerly in charge of their post at the Blackfoot agency) in charge. The Powers line has the contract for carrying the mail, and the do "carry it" right past here, on up to Benton. When they come down with it, unless the postmaster-general appoints a postmaster here and sends us a key to open the sack, they will probably carry it on down to Bismarck again. We are all thinking of having our eastern mail sent via China in the hope that we may have a key and a postmaster by the time it gets around and then, when we consider distances, etc., our mail would be as stale as it would be when we know it has been up and down the river four or five times. ISHTAH.

THE DIAMOND FIELD.

Fort Lincoln Athletics Again Waxed by the Actives.

The Actives and Athletics met on the lower parade ground Sunday afternoon and played as agreed although a very high wind prevailed all day and night. At the outset of the game both clubs retired without a run. This nerved the spectators up to close attention. At the opening of the ninth inning every one waited with abated breath for the climax. Mr. Dugan, our French and Latin tutor, saved the day by overbalancing the score in favor of the Actives. The following is the score:

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Actives.....	0	4	5	1	2	5	1	2	—21
Athletics.....	0	3	4	0	3	3	2	0	—20

The Actives could not do themselves justice on account of Mr. Rafter's compulsion to retire from behind the bat, having had a pair of little fives pretty badly used up. Their pitcher also being absent from the post the two pillars of the nine "went by the board," so to speak. The game was interesting and all worked to the best advantage possible. Should the weather permit and both clubs remain another contest may be expected Sunday next.

Fun at Miles City.

Considerable excitement prevailed in Miles City last week. Basinski, the stationer and news dealer of that enterprising young city, posted a notice on the corner of the city park, fastened to a stick drove in the ground, claiming the entire reservation. The notice created the wildest excitement and jumping lots in the park began at once. Men and boys came from all directions with logs, fence boards and sticks. Stakes were drove and lots measured off and held at fabulous prices for a time. Some erected fences and pitched their tents therein. The cooler portion of the business community looked on at the ludicrous scene, knowing the land to be a part of the Fort Keogh reservation beyond any doubt. Early this week an order was posted at the park by the military authorities ordering the removal of all effects or force would be used in the water. At last accounts the citizens were yet "holding the fort" and awaiting the carrying into effect of the order. The government claims the park as a fairy site, but Basinski hangs on and says he knows what he is doing and proposes to stay. If the truth were known some of the business men now occupying valuable lots on Main street would quake a little as it is well understood by parties who are posted that the government reservation if actually surveyed and marked out would take in a portion of Main street.

Potatoes for the Red River Valley.

Bismarck is now supplying the Red River district with potatoes. Last week the St. Louis store sent a large invoice to Fargo. The Red River Valley cannot produce such potatoes as the Missouri Valley on account of the lowness of the land. Burleigh county potatoes, when properly cooked, fall to pieces like meal upon your plate. Cooks should remember never to leave potatoes in water over night for breakfast. The absence of water is the virtue of the potato.

Confirmed by the Senate.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

WASHINGTON, May 23.—John A. Rea was yesterday confirmed register of the land office at Bismarck, (D. T.), and is to enter upon the duties of the office at once.

SCENES AT THE RIVER

A WEEK OF ACTIVITY AND SATISFACTION.

The Wires East Being Down the River News is Respectfully Submitted in Place of Regular Tribune Specials.

AT THE LANDING.

During the entire week the scene at the levee has been one of unusual activity. The Big Horn, Red Cloud and Peninah arrived from below, and the Helena, Key West and Far West from Benton—all the above boats leaving this week with full loads. The Key West carries up two hundred of the Canadian mounted police who go to Forts McLeod and Walsh to replace the squad now stationed at that point, and whose time expires June 15th. The whole force now on duty will return at the expiration of their term of service, the attractions not being sufficient to induce re-enlistment.

A steamer from the Chippewa river line 133 feet long by 25 beams, called the Minnie H., is on her way from St. Paul to Benton, having left Sioux City the 16th. The Sioux City Journal says: "The little craft only draws eleven inches of water light and twenty-nine inches with a load of 100 tons. She has proved herself a good craft on the Missouri, beating the time of the Red Cloud on her trip from St. Louis to this city, twenty-two days. The expenses of working the boat are not much over \$30 per day. Capt. Heerman expects to make his vessel useful on the upper Missouri and Yellowstone during low water, and, if successful, will bring out three other boats of his line, including one that draws only nine inches light. The Minnie H. is loaded with a hundred ton cargo of nails for Benton.

The Northern Pacific transfer boat is a failure, as indeed would be any boat that tries to ferry the river between here and Mandan. The channel is so changeable that some days the boat is unable to cross the river. The Missouri is now cutting into the bank at the warehouses, and it is feared they will soon have to be moved. A tunnel or a bridge is an immediate necessity, and can but be an economical move on the part of the railroad company.

The crew of the Eclipse, with the exception of four, "jumped" that vessel at Buford. Capt. Braithwaite declined to recognize the strikers, and gave them the "G. B." They were arrested by the authorities at Buford and "waited" off the reservation under guard for disorderly conduct. THE TRIBUNE's Buford letter speaks in detail of the affair.

The Helena was interviewed by the band of Sioux at Poplar Creek, under that sassy chief Rain-in-the-face. Sitting Bull's son being a passenger with Capt. Britten of the 6th Infantry as far as Buford. The entire outfit that massacred Custer and his troops are at the Poplar agency.

The river is "full of water," a continual rise being reported at all points during the week. Wednesday at 10 A. M. the observers at Custer and Keogh reported a rise of one foot six inches in the Yellowstone and two feet in the Big Horn.

As soon as work is commenced on the tunnel the Bismarck ways will be extended and docks superior to any on the river put in. An appropriation from Congress for extensive improvements is expected next year.

Wednesday the Batchelor, Capt. Grant Marsh, was at O'Fallon Creek, about 280 miles from Terry's landing, which point she is loaded for and will probably make by to-morrow night with the marked rise in the Yellowstone.

The steamer Henry J. Yeager, of the Kountz New Orleans line, sunk Sunday night at Bailey's landing, one hundred miles below St. Louis. Steamer valued at \$10,000, no insurance. Cargo, \$40,000, insured.

The Butte arrived at Sioux City Monday last. Among the chiefs, that went down from Standing Rock were the noted "Spotted Tail" and "Red Cloud." She was to leave Tuesday on return trip for Benton.

Isn't it about time Capt. Moore and his baby steamer from below were heard from? There is plenty of work now for such a craft in transporting passengers and towing over freight.

The Key West, now at the landing, leaves for Fort Benton on arrival of Saturday's N. P. train. This boat has excellent accommodations for passengers.

Benton Line Steamer, Helena, left last evening for Benton with 270 tons of freight and 40 passengers. This is the largest load yet taken from this point.

The Big Horn left for Miles City on the night of the 25th. She will leave on her second trip for Miles City on the Yellowstone, June 8th.

Wolf Point is now a port of entry, with Chas. Harris deputy collector of U. S. customs.

The Coulson line hasn't the government contract this year, but every boat is loaded with freight and passengers just the same.

The Terry's shaft and other repairs will arrive to-day, and she will leave immediately for the Yellowstone.

Steamer Batchelor, first boat of season in Yellowstone, passed Keogh yesterday bound for Custer.

The Western, en route from Yankton, will arrive here and leave for Fort Benton June 5th.

The Butte left Sioux City on the 26th for Benton, and will leave here Saturday, June 5th.

Mr. J. C. Barr boasts that he will soon have the finest steamboat office in the country.

The Coulson line steamer Rose Bud left Fort Benton for this place last night.

For time of departure of various line steamers, see advertisements.

PURELY PERSONAL.

J. W. Raymond arrived from the East Tuesday night.

W. B. Jordan, post-trader, and wife from Buford, arrived Monday.

J. W. Watkins and J. T. Athey, of Fort Walsh, came down on the Helena.

A. S. Capehart, of the Fargo Argus, and C. P. Mack did Bismarck this week.

Mrs. G. H. Fairchild went east Tuesday morning to visit friends at Oberlin, Ohio.

J. Sut Winston and wife arrived from the east Wednesday night en route to Stevenson.

E. T. Winston and family came down from Stevenson on the Far West and went east Monday.

Robt. Macnider returned from Wisconsin this week. He purchased sixty head of oxen for freighting teams.

Joseph Leighton, of Leighton & Jordan, came up Monday night from St. Paul returning Tuesday morning.

E. H. Bly arrived Wednesday from Wisconsin with forty men to work on his contract for ties with the North Pacific.

O. C. Greene, manager of the Northwestern telegraph line, was in town this week looking after the interests of the line.

Hon. Fred K. Billings, president of the Northern Pacific road, will visit Bismarck and the extension after the Chicago convention.

C. S. Deering, constructor of the government telegraph line being built from Bennett to Meade, came in from the Hills Sunday.

Superintendent Towne and W. J. Footner, superintendent of the Northern Pacific Express company, arrived by special car last night.

R. O. Adams, publisher of the Pioneer, Deadwood, arrived from the east Monday night and left by the stage the same evening accompanied by his wife.

T. A. Cummings, Collector of Customs at Fort Benton, came down on the Key West Saturday night and went east Monday morning to attend the Chicago convention.

J. J. Fishburn, representing J. V. Farwell & Co., of Chicago, one of the heaviest dry goods houses in the country, was in the city last week selling Mr. Watson a large invoice of goods.

Schuyler Adams of Spiritwood, came in Monday night to make arrangements for the breaking of three hundred acres of land on the other side of the river, and two hundred on this side.

Mr. Broadwater, of the firm of Broadwater, Hubbell & Co., Miles City, M. T., and Post-Trader at Fort Assiniboine, was a passenger by the Helena for Benton, accompanied by his family.

Friday night's train brought Judge Paxson, of the superior court of Pennsylvania, and wife by a special car of the Pennsylvania road. Judge Paxson is an extensive land owner on the Northern Pacific.

Messrs. Whitney, Shannon, Coons, Chaffee, B. nley and Fitch, capitalists from Stevens Point, Wis., came up Thursday night on their way to Deadwood where Messrs. Fitch and Chaffee have mining interests.

C. W. Richardson, agent of the Northwestern shipping company, left Monday for St. Paul, "itch," takes a month's leave after which he will go to Pierre to look after the company's interest at that point.

ARGUS LIBELS.

What that Paper and the Sun are Doing for Bismarck.

Under the head of the way Bismarck is advertised, the Fargo Argus quotes a paragraph, probably prepared by its own editor, under the head of Bismarck correspondence to the Minneapolis Tribune, of May 25th, which says: "Like all frontier towns Bismarck has a surplus of low dives and dancing saloons which openly flourish their banner. There is a general complaint that business is dull, and, as usual, a disposition to charge the blame on the management of the road." There is not a "dancing saloon" in Bismarck or one at any time used for such purposes. There isn't a saloon in the city entitled to the designation given it by this correspondent. The high license required and the close regulations adopted have driven out fully three-fourths of the saloons and all that could be styled dives. Edward, probably learned that his friend Eimons, of the Sun, had been chosen to the Minneapolis Tribune work at Bismarck and simply got in a shot ahead of Eimons.

As to dull business, the truth is trade at Bismarck was never so good as this spring. The postoffice, the banks, the merchants, the hotels and THE TRIBUNE all report increasing business. There has been no time since 1873 when so many new buildings were in course of construction and the town seen from the high lands back of the city is literally spotted with new roofs. The Minneapolis Tribune is one of the brightest, liveliest and newest papers published and ought to divide the morning field with the St. Paul daily but it can't in this region if it permits itself to be imposed upon in this manner.

Burton.

The new town of Burton, seven miles west of Jamestown, is born. There are thirty families right near Burton and the government land is being rapidly taken by actual settlers. Mr. H. A. Towne and others are opening bonanza farms in the vicinity. The new town is owned by Dr. Higbee, of St. Paul, and associates and promises to grow right rapidly.

Daily Service Again.

The post-office department will order daily mail service between Bismarck and Mandan again soon as bids deemed reasonable are received for the service.

Quilting Party.

There will be a quilting bee next Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. R. R. Marsh, under the auspices of the M. L. Church Mite Society.</

DICKENS AT PRAYER.

"Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it."—Charles Dickens to his son, E. B. L. Dickens.

What time the master puts away
The busy labors of the day
And hurries all the thronging train,
The bright creations of his brain,
Ere yet, on bosom dark and deep,
The kindling spirit hushes him to sleep,
In truth's own words of trust and love,
The master's prayer is borne above.

How many a friend's familiar face
Melts into night's unconscious space!
How many a child's dear voice is stilled
When sleep the staggering sense hath filled,
And all the canvas, wondrous bright,
With gleaming figures, dies from sight!
Well may the master pause and pray,
Lest the charmed pictures fade away.

For sleep, with all its teeming train,
Scarcely lifts the chambers of his brain
With fairy figures, wild and bright,
And chasing forms of shade and light,
More rapid than the bustling throng,
That move his people's stage along,
And turn the world's responsive heart
With the deep pathos of his art!

How bright the line of living forms,
The touch of genius wakes and warms!
How wells the master, fond and fraught,
On these fair children of his thought,
Ere memory glides, on noiseless wings,
Where sleep's wide ocean flows and swings,
And dreams, with glancing fancies unfurled,
Lide the tired brain and weary world!

And so, as these grow dumb and blind,
And darkness falls on eye and mind,
And death's twin brother silent waits
To guard the mystic slumber gates,
The master puts the throng aside,
The children of his love and pride,
And kneeling down, a little space,
Prays to the Savior, face to face!

—Edw. A. Gregory.

How Old Abe Got Rid of a Bore.

One day, not long after Mr. Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, Mr. Wade came in, laughing all over his face, and said:

"Well, Old Abe has just done the queerest thing you ever heard of. He has given out he has the small-pox to keep the politicians and office-seekers away from the White House."

The story ran thus: Mr. Wade went to the White House to see Lincoln, who had been ill. He found the President a little pale, but jolly as he could be.

"Sit down, Wade; I am glad to see you. Oh, I have the funniest thing to tell you; it will make you laugh. I never did such a thing before in my life, and never will again." Then the President laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Now, Wade," he said, "you are not to repeat this outside, for it would give offense, and it by no manner of means comports with the dignity which is supposed to hedge a President about. The doctor put me up to it to rid myself of a bore; I ought not to have done it, but I couldn't help it. It was so funny. You know I have been ill, and a great many people have wondered what ailed me, but none of them could find out. The truth is, I was worried to death and talked sick pretty much by one man, the most everlasting bore you ever saw, who wanted an office. I knew he would come again as soon as I able to sit up, and the doctor put me up to get rid of him by saying I had the small-pox. I only got out yesterday, and sure enough this morning he called on me. I had determined to be polite to him, but he stayed so long the humor seized me and I sent for the doctor. Giving him the wink, I held out my hand, and inquired:

"Doctor, what marks are those on my hand?"

"That's varioloid, or mild small-pox," said the doctor.

"Well, said I, 'it's all over me. It's contagious, is it not, doctor?'"

"Very contagious indeed," he replied, "and you should see no one."

"My visitor, who had been getting more and more nervous every moment, now could stand it no longer, and, rising, said:

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stop any longer. I just called to see how you were, and then he started to hurry out."

"Stop a minute; I want to talk to you," said I, "about that office."

"Excuse me, Mr. President, you are not well this morning and I won't bother you," said he, showing toward the door.

"Never mind," said I; "don't be in a hurry. It's all right, and if you are going to get the varioloid you will get it now anyhow; so you might as well sit down."

"Thank you, sir, but I'll call again," he replied, fairly turning livid, and, executing a masterly retreat from the fearful contagion with which he supposed me to be afflicted.

"Now," said Uncle Abe, "it will be all over the city in an hour that I have the small-pox, and you can contradict the story, but I want you to promise you won't repeat what I have just told you."

Wade laughed until he was weak, and when he could get his breath sufficiently to speak he looked at the clock as was his custom and said:

"Now for a little business and then I will go."

"Don't go," cried Uncle Abe, and laying his head in his hands on the desk in front of him he laughed until he shook all over. Presently raising up his face from between his hands he wiped his eyes and blew his nose until the report sounded like the winding of a horn. After another fit of laughing he said:

"Wade, you should have seen him, and how scared he was. I'll bet that fellow never comes back here while I'm President."

As might have been expected, hardly had Mr. Wade quitted the White House when he heard the President had the small-pox, and was very sick. Wade promptly contradicted the story, but that night it was telegraphed all over the country, and many people will yet remember the story of Mr. Lincoln's having the varioloid during the war.

Commenting on the report, Uncle Abe said to Wade: "Some people said they could not take my proclamation very well, but when I get the small-pox, Wade, I shall then be happy to say I have something everybody can take."—Philadelphia Times.

Travelling Stones.

Some of our readers may have heard of the famous travelling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been

found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an iron nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table, or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin travelling towards a common centre, and there he huddled like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet it remains motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod in diameter; and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore.

The Duck Hunter's Story.

"Speaking of duck-shooting on St. Clair flats," sighed an old citizen, as he took a seat in a gun store yesterday, "I don't think there are as many birds up there as there was ten or fifteen years ago. Why, sir, the channels used to be just black with 'em, and they were so tame you could knock 'em on the head."

Everybody could think those good old days and ducks could never return, and the veteran hunter continued:

"I remember I was out one day in April. I got in among the bipeps, and how many do you suppose I counted?"

"Three hundred," ventured one of the audience, after a long interval.

"Three hundred! Why, I always killed over a thousand every time I went out! No, sir, I counted over 16,000 great big fat plump, delicious ducks, and then I had only counted those on one side of the boat!"

"How long did it take you?"

"I don't know, sir, I had no watch with me. Time is nothing to a man counting ducks. I counted aloud, and when the ducks were small I counted two for one. By-and-by I got tired of counting and got ready for the slaughter."

"How many did you kill?"

"Well, now, I suppose I could lie about it, and say I killed nine or ten hundred, but I'm getting too near the grave for that. No, I didn't kill a blasted one, and there's where the strange part of the story comes in. When I began to lift that gun up those ducks knew what I was up to just as well as a human being, and what did they do? Why, sir, about 200 of 'em made a sudden dive, swam under the boat, and all raised on her port side at once and upset her! Yes, sir, they did, and there I was in the north channel, in ten feet of water, boat upset, night coming on, and I in my wet clothes."

"Well, I climbed up on the bottom of the boat, floated five miles, and was picked up by two Indians. We towed that upset boat to an island, and here another curious thing came in. Under the boat were 264 large, plump ducks. They had been caught there when she upset, and all we had to do was to haul 'em out and rap 'em on the head."

"Why, why didn't they dive down and get from under the boat?" asked an amateur duck-shooter.

"Why didn't they, sir—why didn't they? Well, sir, I might have asked 'em why they didn't, but it was late, a cold wind had sprung up, and I didn't feel like talking! All I know is that I counted over 16,000 ducks, was upset, captured 264, and have affidavits here in my wallet to prove everything I have stated. Does any man here want to see the documents?"

No man did. They all looked out of the windows and wondered if they could lie that way when they had passed three-score years.—Detroit Free Press.

Articulation.

A recent writer says: "As regards articulation, the Americans, we think, have a natural advantage over the English in a superior delicacy of structure of the vocal organs. Very many Englishmen, apparently, have to contend with a thick and unmanageable conformation of the organs of speech, which occasions the splutterings and mouthings in their public speaking. That the Americans have great natural facility for clear and fine articulation is shown by the readiness with which they acquire the pronunciation of foreign tongues, and by the fact that, with proper early training and care, they do attain to remarkable grace of utterance. It still remains true that very much more importance is attached to articulation in England than here; that more pains is taken in training the young to habits of clear utterance, and that, on the whole, the English is more conscientiously articulated by educated persons in England than by the same class in this country. We mean by this to say that the consonants are more distinctly and duly uttered; that, for instance, 'shrink' and 'shrine' would not, as with us, be softened into 'slink' and 'srine,' 'sugest' into 'sajest,' 'arms' into 'alms.' On the other hand, there is a tendency in this country to more distinct syllabification and more marked secondary accent in long words. The English say 'in'ter-est,' 'circum'stance,' 'diction-ry,' tripping lightly over all the syllables after the accent, articulating plainly all the consonants, but almost eliminating the vowels, while we put a secondary accent on the penultimate syllable of long words, and give to the others as much stress as to unaccented syllables in short words. It is this peculiarity which brings upon Americans the charge of drawing, and which occasions the remark of foreigners that they can understand an American more easily than an Englishman."

An acid is the product of the union of two or more gases. Water is an acid, being formed by the union of oxygen and hydrogen. Carbolic acid is a combination of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen gases. It was obtained by Runge in 1834 from coal tar. Crude carbolic acid is often called cresote. It is used in making aniline dyes and also as an antiseptic. It is very destructive to insect life, and is used in medicine to destroy germs in disease. It has been in common use by physicians for ten or fifteen years, but its popularity is now declining.

Brio-a-brac to be avoided—Family jars.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

MASSACHUSETTS was the first State in the Union to order a special survey of its forest resources.

To Ro'n'r RAIZES, of Gloucester, England, is to be ascribed the distinction having originated movements which have resulted in the modern Sunday-school system.

The leaning tower of Pisa was commenced in 1152, and was not finished till the fourteenth century. The cathedral to which this belongs was erected to celebrate a triumph of Pisans in the harbor of Palermo in 1063, when allied with the Normans to drive the Saracens out of Sicily. It is a circular building, 100 feet in diameter and 179 feet in extreme height, and has fine mosaic pavements, elaborately carved columns and numerous bas-reliefs. The building is of white marble. The tower is divided into eight stories, each having an outside gallery of seven feet projection, and the topmost story overhangs the base about sixteen feet, though, as the center of gravity is still ten feet within the base, the building is perfectly safe. It has been supposed that this inclination was intentional; but the opinion that the foundation has sunk is no doubt correct. It is most likely that the defective foundation became perceptible before the tower had reached one-half its height, as at that elevation the unequal length of the columns exhibits an endeavor to restore the perpendicular, and at about the same place the walls are strengthened with iron bars.

The season for "greens" has come, ha, ha! With sashes and vegetable truck; The festive cucumber will bid us ta-ta, And to his spring work will buck The itely small boy will keep an eye on The place summer masher to hatch, Biding his time the war-paint to don, And sicken the musk-chest patch.

THE embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell is in the possession of a daughter of the Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, an English gentleman. It is carefully preserved, wrapped in costly envelopes, in a strong antique box. At the Restoration the embalmed body of Cromwell was taken from Westminster Abbey and hung at Tyburn. The head was cut off, a pike driven through the neck and skull and exposed at Westminster Hall. The head is said to be almost entire, the flesh black and sunken, the hair remaining, and even a large wart over the eye. The splintered pieces of a pike and rusted iron are attached to the head.

THE Emperor of Austria has lately been the recipient of a unique present. It consists of a suit of clothes made from the wool of an alpaca sheep that eleven hours previous to their delivery was still alive. The animal, a superb specimen of its kind, was slain at 6:11 a. m. Four hours and thirty-three minutes were employed in reducing the wool to cloth. In two hours and twenty-five minutes the latter was ready for the tailor, who employed the remaining four hours in making the suit.

WHAT is the difference between half a glass of water and a broken engagement? One is not filled full and the other is not fulfilled.

A GENTLEMAN wishing to send 50 cents to an Iowa City party, bored a hole through a silver half-dollar, through which he passed a string and tied it to a tag containing the address and a stamp. It arrived safely.

It is said that the scorpion, when surrounded by a circuit of fire, turns and stings itself to death. Probably it feels something like the young man after he is jilted, and whose only ambition is to get out under the silent stars and kick himself over a fence.

A MEMBER of a School Board, not a thousand miles from Boston, visited a school under his jurisdiction. When asked to make some remarks, he said: "Well, children, you spells well and reads well, but you hain't got still."

WHAT was it? I went out in the woods and got it. After I got it I looked for it. The more I looked for it the less I liked it. I brought it home in my hand, because I couldn't find it. A sliver.

ONE of the most curious railroads in the world is the 10-inch-gauge road running from North Billerica, Mass., to Bedford. It was at first hooted at by the people, but the road was completed, making a length of 8½ miles. There are 11 bridges on the road, one of which is over 100 feet long. The rails weigh 25 pounds to the yard. The road is well built and equipped; one grade is 155 feet. The cars and engines will at first sight create wonder and admiration. Their perfect proportions give them a handsome appearance. They are constructed very near the ground, giving them great advantages of safety. The cars have an aisle with one seat on each side, in the same manner as ordinary cars allow 30 seats. Each person having a seat to himself. The cars are supplied with closets, water tank, are heated by steam, and have all the modern improvements. They weigh but 4½ tons, ordinary cars weighing on average 18 tons. The trains run at the rate of 20 miles an hour with perfect safety. The engine is placed behind the tender, giving it greater adhesion to the track. They weigh 8 tons, and draw two passenger and two freight cars. The cost of the road was about \$4,500 per mile.

HENRY, upon being asked how many boys were in his Sabbath-school class, replied: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Hama's sons; subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark; multiply by the number of men who went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time when he stood before Pharaoh; add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; divide by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; subtract the number of people slain in the ark, and the remainder will be the number of boys in the class."

"Then, I suppose, Miss Strongmind, you and Mr. Sparrow are soon to be man and wife?" "No, sir; woman and husband."

"PEOPLE who have a weakness for believing that the number thirteen is unlucky," says the *Independence Belge*, "are requested to meditate upon the following fact: A young soldier, Serriers by name, was born on the 13th of the month of January, 1855. He lived at Brussels in a house numbered 13. On Friday, Feb. 13, 1875, he was drafted into the army by virtue of having drawn the number 13. A lottery ticket was inherited by him bearing the number 13, which has lately drawn a prize of 200,000 francs.

A UTAH wedding paragraph says "the bride was toggled out in white gauze."

PADDLE-WHEELS were patented in England by William Patrick Miller in 1787, and it is said that he and Mr. Symington soon after constructed a small steamboat which ran five miles an hour. If this is true, then to them belongs the honor of operating the first steamboat, otherwise the honor should be given to W. Symington, who made a passage on the Forth and Clyde canal in 1789. In 1801 the first experiment in steam navigation on the Thames was made. In 1803, Fulton ran his steamboat Clermont on the Seine, at Paris, and in 1806 at New York. All of these were merely experiments, and the first steamboat in the world which served as a practical means of transportation was put upon the Hudson river by Fulton in 1807.

PROF. L. B. ARNOLD advises skimming the milk as soon as sourness is perceptible, and to churn at sixty degrees instead of seventy, before the cream gets sour. When the butter comes in granules, enough cold water or brine should be put in to reduce the mass to about fifty-five degrees, when, after a little slow churning, the granules will become hard and distinct, and the butter be in a condition for washing out all the buttermilk. The salt should then be worked in with a little lard as possible, and after standing awhile it will be ready to pack.

It may be useful to some enterprising American gardeners to know that the following experiment has been tried successfully in England: Beds extending across the garden four feet wide were planted in spring with strawberries. On the outer sides of these beds three rows of early potatoes were planted. The potatoes were dug about the end of June, the ground cleared and raked level, where the strawberry runners could establish themselves and form a new row. The next spring rows of potatoes were planted, one row farther off, or on the borders of the runners. The gardener thus made a traveling strawberry bed, which became wider each year without planting. The third year the first plants were exhausted and were dug up, the beds thus moving slowly sideways.

THE heads on the postage stamps are as follows: One-cent stamp, Benjamin Franklin; 2-cent stamp, Andrew Jackson; 3-cent stamp, George Washington; 5-cent stamp, Zachary Taylor; 6-cent stamp, Abraham Lincoln; 10-cent stamp, Thomas Jefferson; 15-cent stamp, Daniel Webster; 30-cent stamp, Alexander Hamilton; 90-cent stamp Commodore Perry.

PALOR matches—Courtin' in the drawing-room.

THE flavor of food baked or broiled in earthenware is said by those who have made the experiment to be far superior to that of vegetable or animal food cooked in the same way in iron vessels, for the reason that iron is a conductor of heat, while earthenware is a non-conductor; consequently, food cooked in the latter is rarely ever burned, the degree of heat not varying perceptibly during the process of cooking, thus preserving the flavor of what is cooked, as well as uniformity throughout the substance of the meat, vegetables, or grains, until the process of cooking is completed. The fire in stove or range that parches and burns in iron vessels, and either impairs or spoils the food, is powerless to injure the contents of earthenware.

A BRIDAL party approached the hymeneal altar and the clergyman proceeded with the service: "Wilt thou, Mary, take, etc.?" he inquired. "Nay," is the reply. "What!" cries the good pastor; "if you don't want to marry this gentleman, why didn't you say so sooner?" What made you wait till the moment of the ceremony?" "Because, sir, you are the first that has condescended to ask my advice or consent in the matter."

THERE is a good deal of square common sense about the Directors of a savings bank at Marysville, Cal. They engaged a new Cashier the other day, and the President said to him: "Mr. Steele, your duties will be very light and the salary \$400 a month. Now, if you'll agree not to speculate in stocks or gamble or hypothecate the deposits, we'll double the pay. Come, now, what do you say?" "I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen," was the reply. "And I'll think it over and give you an answer in the morning." But he refused the offer, after all. He said he couldn't be cramped down in that way.

Circassian Story of a Kiss.

A man was walking along one road, and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and, reaching the point of junction at the same time, they walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken; in the other, a cane; and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine. Said the woman: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." Said the man: "How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman; "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom-side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity, oh woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself. "I should never have thought of this or similar expedient." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then—so runs the legend—lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he put the fowl under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.—Chambers Journal.

AUCTION.

BY MRS. NANNIE STEELE MOORE.

Let us go to the auction hall to-night—
Toys show well by the pale moonlight;
It is decked with flowers rich and rare—
Music floats on the soft night air.
And around rests a Grecian spell,
And human toys are selling well.
To the highest bidder they, one by one,
Are going! going! going! gone!!!!
For music's sake of glittering gold,
Those beautiful toys to-night are sold,
Buyers regardless of the costly price
Pay for the toys that look so nice;
The winner must lose when he gains his prize,
Not for his heart—only his eyes.
A beautiful being to gaze upon;
A worthless thing when it is won.
'Tis a beautiful doll—a queer-made thing—
That can laugh and talk, dance and sing.
Can dress superbly, exquisitely fan,
And charm the eyes of brainless man.
Stroke gently—softly—the long curling hair,
"Smoothe out tenderly, touch with care."
For a doll's pretty ringlets never grow,
They are only fastened on, you know;
Those waxen cheeks, with their rosy hue,
Must not be wet with morning dew;
For it is only a painted thing, you know,
Made not for use—only for show.
Those are beautiful hands, pink-tinted things
Glittering with their jeweled rings—
Ours stand to labor, work and toil,
The sun would freeze, fan and spoil.
Brilliant eyes, filled with magic light;
Sparkling rays, enchanted with night;
Not might of the mind, nor might of the heart—
The soulless doll is acting her part.
On the auction-block in beauty she stands,
To sell herself for gold and lands.
Waiters but little—the young or old—
Pale, and trembling with age, an old man stands—
Hints of his wealth, and hoarded lands
He has once been a man, but twice a boy—
Gives his wealth for the useless toy.
Young man, with a head as soft as his heart,
Enters like a golden star.
He lays it all down to win the fair prize
Whose dazzling charms bedim his eyes,
And with it dies ambition, fame and joy;
Why are they fastened on the toy—
Scorns the beauty—swept in with a crowd—
He buys from fashion's sale to-night.
What a terrible thought to pierce the soul—
Madred feelings—beyond control.
To think of the numbers of women sold—
Selling themselves for meager gold.
Woman, did I say? The name is too pure
No glittering sun, no gleaming star,
It is only the doll, in woman's form,
That fades away in life's rude storm.
Moth-like, in sport on butterfly-wing,
A useless, heartless, useless thing.
Such are the beings that are sold to-night
Sold by the rays of pale moonlight;
Sold in the halls of gayety and pride.
All over our land, for any one
Those doll-like creatures are winging their flight
To the highest bidder to-night.
She is sold on the auction block to gold—
Her living anguish is left unaided.
It's enough to say of the bitter night,
The soul sold for gold to-night.
Oh, many a heart—where's one can be
Led astray by this gilded mock-ry?
A warning heed! Never in thy life
At auction's auction buy a wife.
—Chicago Ledger.

History of Two Notable Pictures.

Two historical pictures have just been purchased by the Government. They are one of Daniel Webster, the other of Lord Ashburton, Alexander Baring, of the firm of Baring Bros., London. The history of the portraits is of interest. In 1842, Mr. Webster, being then Secretary of State, had to consider and adjust our relations with Great Britain. This originated the celebrated Ashburton treaty. In Lord Ashburton, who came to the United States in the man-of-war War-spite for the purpose, and Mr. Webster virtually removed differences between the two countries which momentarily threatened war. The result was the settlement of the northeastern boundary, the African slave-trade, and the extradition of criminals. At the conclusion of the treaty, the two statesmen determined to exchange portraits, and in this way commemorate the occasion. In 1845, Healy, the artist, went to England and painted two portraits of Lord Ashburton. One of them the British Ambassador retained; the other he sent to Webster. In 1847, Healy returned to America, and in the course of two years produced copies of Webster, one of which was retained by the latter. The other was sent to Lord Ashburton. The paintings at that time cost \$1,500 each. They were greatly prized by Webster, who desired that they should remain in his family. But on the 29th of August, 1862, Fletcher Webster, the last surviving offspring of Daniel Webster, fell, as Colonel of the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers, at the battle fought near Bull Run. He left a widow and one daughter, who are now the only living representatives of the great statesman. The residue at Marshfield until it was destroyed by fire about two years ago. At that time the only property rescued was these portraits. The estate has since been sold under foreclosure of a mortgage, and Mrs. Webster is literally penniless. In her distress, she offered the portraits to the Government; they were purchased for \$6,000, the valuation of the Curator of the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. They have been placed in the office of the Secretary of State, where they can at any time be seen by visitors to Washington.—Chicago Daily News.

The Stomach Rules the World.

The effects of famine are markedly mental as well as corporeal—famine is often the exciting cause of the most hideous crimes, selfishness and mental disquietude, and the origin of war against all constituted authority. The Parisian Communists, had they been well fed, would not have madly destroyed the Tuileries or the Vendome Column, both of which every Frenchman loves so well. And it is certain that, had the siege of Paris lasted for another week or two, the city would have been one huge lunatic asylum. Florence and Athens have been visited by famine, and one shudders on reading how their inhabitants gave themselves over during the continuance to cruelty, crime and violence. The medical man also attributes to deficient diet the celebrated witchcraft epidemic of the sixteenth century. This had its origin among the nuns of a convent in Flanders, appearing soon after the termination of the fasting season of Lent.

She Had Him.

"Husband," said a wife, "I think we should have a filter for our hydrant." "But that would increase our grocery bill, dear," replied the head of the family with a twinkle in the corner of his eye. "How so?" queried she. "By our system losing just so much brain food—brain food, you know," he said. "Well, you are welcome to have your part of the water unfiltered," she continued. "Aye, but I need its brain food the least of any in the family," declared he, looking at her provokingly. There was a momentary pause only, when she retorted: "I can see that you are entirely right—having no brain to feed; dear, what should you want of brain food?" He looked up at her again—this time appealingly—and it was noticed that the twinkle no longer dwelt in his eye—it had gone over to hers.

A Double Brain.
The human body is, in the main, double. It has two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two lungs, two kidneys, two arms, two legs. Two sets of the same nerves issue from the two sides of the spinal column. Indeed the spinal column is itself double throughout.
One advantage of this dual membership of the body is, that if one organ or member is destroyed, the other supplies its place. It is also a familiar fact that we incline to use the right side more, than the left, and, as a consequence, the members and organs of the right side are more fully developed, and become specially expert.

Now the brain belongs to the class of double organs, and not to the small class of single ones. A deep furrow cleaves the brain down to its point of junction. As a consequence, it seems probable that, if one brain could be safely removed, all mental acts could be equally performed by the other; and, doubtless, it is owing to this that large portions of the brain have been destroyed without an appreciable loss of intellect.

To some extent, however, so far, at least, as physical sensation and movement are concerned, the two brains adopt the principle of division of labor, each presiding over one side of the body; but singularly enough, each over its opposite side.

This is due to the fact that the nerves of sensation and motion cross before passing out of the cranium. Hence, when the left side of the body is paralyzed, we know that it is the right brain which is injured, and vice versa.

Further: in using the right side of the body most, it is not only more generously developed, but the left brain also more fully developed, so that the difficulty of using the left hand in adult life does not depend wholly on the less-developed hand, but also on the less-developed brain.

It is a mistake thus to develop one hand at the expense of the other. We might just as well develop both alike. We could thus often divide labor between them; and, in many cases, both might work equally well together, where the work is ordinarily wholly done by one.—Youth's Companion.

The King in His Beauty.

There was a celebrated painter once, who was making a picture of Jesus in the midst of his twelve apostles. In arranging the picture he concluded to paint the apostles first, and not begin with their Master till he had finished them. As he went on with the picture he tried to do the very best he could with each of the apostles. He took the greatest pains with their figures, their positions, their dress, and their faces. As he went on with his work he was very well pleased with it. After finishing the apostles he began with the person of Jesus. He got on very well with this till he came to the head and face of the blessed Lord. Then he laid down his brush and paused. He felt that the face of Jesus ought to be made to appear as much more beautiful than His disciples as the sun is more glorious than the stars. But how could he do this? He had tried so hard to make the disciples look well that he felt he had no power left to make their Master appear as much superior to them as He ought to appear. And so he finished the person of Jesus all but the head, and then painted Him with a white mantle thrown over His head. He thought that when persons came to look at his painting they would imagine what the face of Jesus ought to be better than he could represent it by painting. And I feel very much as that painter did, when I come to speak about the person and presence of Jesus in heaven. All who love Jesus here on earth agree in saying that from what they know of Him now He is "the Chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." Then how will He appear when our eyes come to "see the King in His Beauty" in heaven?—Richard Newton, D. D.

The Source of Disease.

"The Way It Is Done," is the title of an interesting little book by Mrs. Warren, the well-known writer of several valuable books on domestic economy. Here is an extract which might be read with interest by sufferers from rheumatism:

"I can't get up stairs, I be so crippled."

"Just try it a step at a time and rest. And what do you sleep in, sheets or blankets?"

"Sheets, of course; what else? I have got blankets over me, and a good thick counterpane over that."

"I thought so; put away the sheets and the counterpane, and sleep in blankets, under and over, and no counterpane at all. The sheets and the counterpane do a great deal of mischief."

"Well, now, how can that be?"

"The cotton keeps the sour heat and perspiration from the body in the bed, and so you breathe the poisoned air all night, summer and winter, and that poisoned air makes your rheumatism ten times worse. If you were in blankets, they would not absorb the perspiration; it would pass through from one to the other, but in cotton, if it absorbs it—I had better say soaks into it—there it remains cold or hot, or clammy."

"That may be right, sure enough, for I do perspire so with pain that one might wring the sheets sometimes."

Odd Names

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

TRIBUTE SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 WEEKLY, One Year, \$2 50
 " Six Months, 1 50
 " Three Months, 75

ADVERTISING RATES

Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line of nonpareil type, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch.
 Professional cards, four lines or less, \$10 per annum.
 Advertisements in column of "Wanted," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion.
 Legal notices at regular statutory rates.
 Original poetry \$1 per line.
 No contract for advertising is binding unless approved by this office or sent for advertising.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Rev. J. J. O'Connell, Pastor. At the rectory's residence, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. on all Sundays and feast days of obligation, at 11 a. m. on St. John's day school and even-song at 7 p. m.
METHODIST CHURCH.—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. at St. Paul church. All are invited to attend. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, at pastor's residence, on 23rd street near Taylor.
ANGELIC CHURCH.—First mass, 7:30 a. m. in high school, at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school 2 p. m.; vesper, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end.
 W. C. STEVENS, Pastor.
 P. JOHN CHRISTOPHER, Off. S. B. Rector.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
 W. J. DAVIDSON, W. M.
 JOSEPH HARE, Sec'y.
O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 are held in the Masonic hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
 W. J. DAVIDSON, W. M.
 W. J. YANKUSTE, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at the hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.
 L. H. MOGAN, Foreman.
 DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
 Northern Pacific—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday, at 7:15 a. m.
 Great Northern—Leave for Fort Stevens, Berthold and Buford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8:30 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3:30 p. m.
 Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 9 p. m.
 Leave for Fort Keokuk and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 1 p. m.
BLACK HILLS.—Leave daily at 8 p. m.
 Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, from 7 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1890

The Chicago *Times* thinks congress will not adjourn May 31st, as per programme, owing to Indian trouble in the Ute country.
 The Fargo *Times* special correspondent is a good one, but his mind runs very much in the same channel as the ill-fated TRIBUNE.
 The enterprising firm of T. C. Power & Bros. have put on a line of stages from Benton to the Yogo mines, a distance of ninety miles. Very rich specimens of ore are being taken out of these newly discovered placer mines and hundreds are flocking to the gold fields.
 The great, but according to the *Sun*, not overly good major of the Fargo *Argus*, having on hand unlimited quantities of snuff as well as taffy, combines the two so beautifully in his Bismarck article of Monday last that it is difficult to determine where the taffy peters and the snuff begins. It has been remarked that a milding purifier will not reach the *Argus* case.

I acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the First Annual Report of the Fargo Chamber of Commerce. THE TRIBUNE takes pleasure in congratulating Mr. Rea, as author, upon the creditable manner in which he has performed the work. The report contains much valuable information and statistical matter regarding the growth and enterprise of the Red River valley, and is a big card for Fargo and the secretary of the Chamber, Mr. Rea.
 Fort Benton has grown to a town of considerable note. It contains many elegant residences and several large brick blocks. The Benton *Record* building is a three-story block, with mansard roof and all modern conveniences. The First National Bank is now established with Wm. Conrad, president, and J. S. Hill, the man who never sleeps, vice president. Its gentlemanly cashier is E. G. McWay, who passed through this city for Benton last week.
 The prominent politicians, friends of the different candidates, are nearly all in Chicago. An interesting fight is promised over the election of chairmen. The third term element will use its utmost strength to secure a chairman from among their own number who will support the unit rule. The fight on this point will virtually decide Grant's nomination. Should an anti-Grant man be chosen the unit rule becomes a dead letter and the many delegates from various states who are desirous of voting against the ex-president and who would be bound by the unit rule if endorsed by the convention, will have an opportunity to carry out their personal wishes in the matter.

It is now demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt from special dispatches to THE TRIBUNE and other information derived from private sources, that Sitting Bull's hostiles are anxious to surrender. They fear, however, that they will be killed by the military authorities. This fear has been incited by the statements of tra-

ditions who deal with them as without the Indians their occupation would be gone. Sitting Bull, himself, however, and many of his followers are anxious to go to Ottawa to consult with the authorities on the scheme of organizing a reservation for them somewhere in the British Provinces. In fact negotiations are now going on and Major Walsh, of the Canadian Mounted Police, will arrive here in a few days on his way to Canada. The Sioux are in a starving condition and must soon adopt one of the three alternatives, viz: surrender unconditionally to the military authorities of the United States, remove to Ottawa or begin hostilities and be exterminated.

BISMARCK AND THE NORTH PACIFIC.

THE *Sun's* continuous raids on the management of the North Pacific only annoy and could not, even if there were wrongs to right, accomplish good results. Grievances, if any exist, properly presented to the management of the road, will, no doubt, receive proper consideration. There are little things that escape attention now on the part of the road, perhaps, that in due time will receive proper consideration. When the work incidental to construction is over, then everything pertaining to the settlement of the country can and will receive full consideration. Every acre of land placed under cultivation along the line of the North Pacific in Dakota is worth to the road not less than three dollars per annum in the way of transportation of products. An acre will yield twenty bushels, or nearly, of wheat, which will bring to the coffers of the road not less than fifteen cents per bushel, that being the price charged for transportation to the Lake. Three dollars an acre is ten per cent. interest on thirty dollars, which is a fair estimate of the value to the road of improved land along its line. Since this is so, it will be seen that it is to the interest of the company to encourage in every way possible the settlement of the country, and as Governor Howard once urged, the company had better give land to settlers who would improve it, rather than hold five years and then sell at ten dollars per acre. It is because this is so that the company makes such liberal reduction in the price of their land in consideration of improvements. Every citizen along the line ought to encourage the road as the road ought to encourage them, because their interests are mutual. Rocks thrown at the road are rocks thrown at our best interests. The natural result of unjust criticism will be to drive from us advantages that might otherwise be conceded, and almost every citizen condemns, or should condemn, the course of Mr. Emmons in this matter.

The company are about locating and erecting their permanent buildings for this end of the Yellowstone division, and work on the tunnel or the bridge will be commenced at a very early day, and Bismarck cannot afford to drive away by unjust and uncalled for criticisms any advantages that might otherwise come to the city.

TREE PLANTING IN DAKOTA.

The Dakota Tree Planting Company, just organized, with headquarters at Bismarck, has planted little less than a million trees this spring. They will gather cuttings in winter and trees in their proper season, shipping, where shipping is necessary, by the car load. They will plant shrubbery in gardens, bullberry bushes in hedges, fruit trees in orchards, or cuttings or trees on timber claims, ornamental or other trees that may be desired. They do their work well, and in the course of two or three years it will tell to the immense advantage of this region. Nothing will so much benefit the country as the extensive planting of trees. When Mr. Billings visits this country, as he will soon, THE TRIBUNE earnestly hopes he will consider this subject. It hopes he will make arrangements so that trees and shrubbery for planting may be sent at the regular freight rates on the express trains, or in the express cars to settlers along the line of the road. It hopes he will require the section men to plant and care for a park at each station—trees to be planted on the railroad right of way, and that he will extend this tree planting business as much as lies within his power.

In four years, with but little extra force, the snow fences along the North Pacific could be turned into belts of live timber that would do far more than great wheat crops toward encouraging the settlement of the country. For this purpose millions of young cottonwoods can be had along the Missouri river for only the cost of digging. Two men will gather a car load a day, or the timber may be planted from cuttings. Again THE TRIBUNE expresses the hope that Mr. Billings will consider this subject, and will order patches broken at each station while the grass is yet growing, for planting next year, and make liberal concessions in the matter of freight.

ANXIETY in relation to the action of the Chicago convention will soon be over. THE TRIBUNE of next week will contain full special dispatches, giving the result and there is ground for hope that its candidate, Wm. Windom, will be the nominee. Every day it becomes more and more apparent that Blaine is beaten, and that the nomination of Gen. Grant would be unwise if not distasteful to the ex-president.

Say what we may of Grant's last administration, a taint, resulting from unwise friendship and bad advisers,ingers

with its memory, and many, very many good and true republicans in all states in the union will hesitate before becoming in any sense responsible for its repetition. A feeling of uneasiness, of dissatisfaction will result from this nomination that can not be overcome by the enthusiasm of his friends. There is a feeling, too, that were the claim of his friends as to his being a spontaneous candidate true, it would not require the extraordinary means used in Illinois and other states to hold a majority to the rack.

Admiring Grant as a soldier, honoring him for his services to his country, almost loving him for his steadfast qualities, and being ever ready to fling high in air their hats to greet his presence, the people prefer in these times, a statesman rather than a soldier for president, and the impression prevails to an extent that will become alarming in case of his nomination, that he cannot be elected. It, therefore, is to be hoped that the convention will recognize these facts, and that the name next in prominence to that of Grant and Blaine will be chosen as the republican standard-bearer.

THE TRIBUNE to-day enters on its eighth volume. For seven years it has been regularly issued, never missing a number—never failing to visit every subscriber at least once a week.

A glance at its files shows seasons of disappointment; shows seasons of pecuniary distress; shows that difficulties almost unsurmountable have been encountered, but it has lived and succeeded in winning for itself a position alike creditable to Bismarck and its publishers. During all of these years, excepting the few months when controlled by Mr. Huntley, it has been under its present management.

As to whether it has advanced or taken backward steps, its constant readers can best judge. It has not only lived, but prospered also. New material has been constantly added, and other improvements will soon be made. With the opening of new and permanent settlements west and north, a daily will be published, but for the present a creditable weekly is preferred.

For a few weeks it was published semi-weekly; for some months tri-weekly, but it was discovered that the effort was not justified, and the tri-weekly edition was abandoned.

For the present, therefore, it will continue as it is, a bright and lively frontier weekly, containing all of the news to be gathered by an efficient corps of special correspondents located at the great news centers of the Golden Northwest, with the news from the east placed in comprehensive and attractive form. It aims to be and is a newspaper in every sense of the word.

***** The people of Fargo have no sympathy with any attempt to "belittle Bismarck and injure her enterprising business men," and THE TRIBUNE knows, or at least it ought to know, that the people of Fargo are not responsible for the utterances of a paper that represents itself and speaks for itself only, and any attempt to hold them responsible is as unjust as it is unwise.—Fargo Republican.

THE *Republican* is unquestionably correct. There ought to be no rivalry between Bismarck and Fargo. The prosperity of one can in no manner effect unfavorably the other. THE TRIBUNE just shied a sample brick last week by way of returning *Argus* compliments. It realizes that the people of Fargo are in no sense responsible for the idiocy of the *Argus*—no more than the people of Bismarck are responsible for the *Sun's* uncertain and unsteady shine. The *Argus* may monopolize the dirty platform erected by it for the abuse of the country west of Fargo which will naturally produce grist for Fargo mills if not driven away.

THE *Argus* alleges that Bismarck as a city is responsible for the attacks of the *Sun* on the North Pacific and insists that the town ought to burn with fire and brimstone because of its course. THE TRIBUNE knows of no interest that did more for the *Sun* than the North Pacific company itself. They passed the material to Bismarck and sent it by express, and boarded the editor during his two weeks' trip, besides granting many other favors. The North Pacific company is just as much responsible for the *Sun* as is Bismarck—as a city. In olden time cities having a few just men were not destroyed, but this modern avenger would destroy a city because of a single Jonah.

THE Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad map, recently issued, is a very correct and useful one. Nearly all the new towns on the line of the North Pacific are shown except Fargo. That city may some day, however, reach a position of sufficient importance to command the attention of the Milwaukee and St. Paul people, and thus have its location designated on their maps.

THE Roscoe *Express* is no more, because Roscoe, itself, has vanished, or, rather, the majority of the people have. A new town called Egan, sprang up a mile from Roscoe and it won. Volume I, No. 2 of the Egan *Express* came out yesterday and Roscoe is minus either paper or population.

Army Intelligence.

Lieut. Stevens, 6th Infantry, was in town yesterday.
 Mrs. Lieut. Stouch, 3d Infantry, Fort Shaw, came down on the Helena, Monday.
 Capt. M. E. O'Brien, 2d Cavalry, has been in town several days. He left by steamer Helena for Fort Assiniboine.
 Mrs. Maj. Kirk, wife of Quarter Master Kirk, is visiting her daughter, Miss Maud,

at Faribault, Minn., where she is attending school.

Lieut. Geo. S. Grimes, Signal Officer, returned from an inspection trip to Fort Sully, by the Steamer Peninah, May 27th.

Major Maynardier having finished the payment of troops at Yates, Lincoln, Bad Lands and Stevenson, returned to St. Paul Monday.

Lieut. Josiah Chance, 17th Infantry, left today for the Chicago Convention, where he will meet his brother who is a delegate from Ohio.

Capt. Michaelis, Chief Ordnance Officer Dept. Dakota, is visiting the various posts, in connection with the target practice of this command.

Lieut. H. P. Walker, 6th Infantry, Pembina, has been dangerously ill for the past three weeks with inflammation of the stomach and kindred difficulties.

Lieut. and Mrs. H. P. Walker, Fort Pembina, are happy over the arrival of another son in their household—this being the third child of the young couple.

It is rumored that Gen'l Sigel will remove from New York to St. Paul. The General will find a much purer atmosphere in the golden Northwest, politically.

Lieut. J. C. Ayers, of Fort Lincoln, is acting as Chief Ordnance Officer of this Dept. during the absence of Capt. Michaelis, and will go to St. Paul the 30th inst.

Leave of absence for one month, with privilege of applying for two months extension, has been granted Maj. Tilford, 7th Cavalry, Fort Lincoln, to take effect July 1st.

Mrs. Lieut. Geo. S. Grimes, wife of the Signal Officer at this point, will return soon from a visit to her parents in Buffalo, New York, and pass the summer in Bismarck.

Lieut. Hock, 17th Infantry, a son-in-law of Mr. Robert Wilson, Post Trader at Fort Pembina, arrived Tuesday night, having in charge John Dart, a deserter from the 6th, whom he will take to Buford.

Lieut. Thomas M. Deffres, son of Hon. John D. Deffres, the Public Printer, appointed last fall, having been assigned to the 5th Infantry, will proceed to Fort Snelling and conduct any recruits for Fort Keogh and intermediate points.

Maj. Alfred E. Bates of the Pay Dept. has been assigned to temporary duty in this department, and will relieve Maj. Henry G. Thomas at Fort Buford, who has been granted a month's leave of absence with privilege to apply for two months' extension.

Mr. Quentin Campbell, for two years City Editor of the St. Paul *Globe* and formerly of the Chicago *Press* has accepted a position as Chief Clerk of the Q. M. Dept. at Fort Snelling. He gave special attention to army intelligence, which was a prominent feature of the *Globe*.

Lieut. A. W. Greely, 5th Cavalry, for the past two years in charge of the International Division, U. S. Signal Service, will accompany the "Gulnare" Arctic Expedition; Lieut. Doane, 2d Cavalry, waives his seniority. Lieut. and Mrs. Greely are well known to residents of Bismarck, having resided here while the Lieut. was Acting Signal Officer of this Division.

Lieut. J. H. Baldwin, 18th Infantry, stationed at Assinaboine, was a passenger on the Helena.

Lieut. Josiah Chance left for Chicago to-day. He will attend the convention during his absence.

Capt. McDougall, Lieuts. Brennan, Brewer and Bell, of the 7th, visited Bismarck on Sunday.

Lieut. colonel Townsend, 11th Infantry, registered at the Sheridan Monday. The colonel was a passenger on the Key West.

Lieut. G. C. Doane, 2d Cavalry, the officer detailed to command the men selected from the line to accompany the "Gulnare" on the Polar expedition, arrived from Fort Assinaboine by the Helena Monday, and left for Washington Tuesday morning.

TAILORING

MERCHANT TAILORING.

GOULD & DAHL.

We represent one of the best cloth houses in Philadelphia, and are constantly in receipt of fine

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC COATINGS AND PANTS GOODS.

Of the latest styles for the Spring Trade. Our work defies competition. You will always find the most economy and the greatest satisfaction by leaving your orders for clothing at the Bismarck Tailoring Establishment.

GOULD & DAHL.

LUMBER

C. S. WEAVER & CO.,

Dealers in

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.

Doors, Sash and Mouldings.

New Constructors and Builders of all classes of

Buildings. Plans and Specifications.

Estimates furnished on short notice.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

FINE PORTRAITS A SPECIALTY.

VIEWS AND DAKOTA SCENERY.

(18 Main Street.)

O. S. GOFF.

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY FOR MORTGAGES.

ON REAL ESTATE.

THE CORBIN BANKING CO.

115 Broadway, N. Y.

Buy Purchase Money Mortgages well secured up on Country Real Estate at the very best rates.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.

Proposals for Indian Supplies and Transportation.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Office of Indian Affairs, Washington, May 10th, 1890.—Sealed proposals invited for the purchase of Indian supplies, to be delivered at Fort Bacon, Fort, Clothing, or Transportation, &c., (as the case may be,) and directed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Nos. 65 and 67 Woodrow Street, New York, will be received until 11 A. M. of Monday, June 7th, 1890, for furnishing for the Indian service about 800,000 pounds Bacon, 40,000 pounds Beef on the hoof, 120,000 pounds Beans, 55,000 pounds Baking Powder, 2,500,000 pounds Corn, 383,000 pounds Coffee, 3,300,000 pounds Flour, 212,000 pounds Feed, 300,000 pounds Hard Bread, 75,000 pounds Hominy, 9,000 pounds Lard, 1,650 barrels Mess Pork, 333,000 pounds Rice, 11,200 pounds Sugar, 2,500,000 pounds Soda, 383,000 pounds Soda, 147,000 pounds Soap, 6,000 pounds Soda, 889,000 pounds Sugar, and 889,000 pounds Wheat. Also, Blankets, Woolen and Cotton goods, (consisting in part of Tickings, 44,000 yards; Standard Calicoes, 18,000 yards; Drillings, 18,000 yards; Duck, 181,000 yards; Denims, 18,000 yards; Gingham, 60,000 yards; Kentucky Jeans, 26,000 yards; Satinets, 2,700 yards; Brown Sheetings, 213,000 yards; Bleached Sheetings, 17,000 yards; Hickory Stripes, 13,500 yards; Calico Shirtings, 5,000 yards; Wincey, 650 yards;) Clothing, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Medical Supplies; and a long list of miscellaneous articles, such as Wagons, Harness, Plows, Rakes, Forks, &c.

Also, Transportation for such of the Supplies, Goods, and articles that may not be contracted for to be delivered at the Agencies.

BIDS MUST BE MADE OUT ON GOVERNMENT BLANKS.

Schedules showing the kinds and quantities of subsistence supplies required for each Agency, and the kinds and quantities, in gross, of all other goods and articles, together with the proposals and forms for contract and bond, conditions to be observed by bidders, time and place of delivery, terms of contract and payment, transportation routes, and all other necessary instructions, will be furnished upon application to the Indian Office in Washington, or Nos. 65 and 67 Woodrow Street, New York; to E. M. Kingsley, No. 30 Clinton Place, New York; to H. H. Lyon, No. 493 Broadway, New York; and to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, U. S. A., at Chicago, Saint Louis, Saint Paul, Leavenworth, Omaha, Cheyenne, and Yankton, and the Postmaster at Sioux City.

Bids will be opened at the hour and day above stated, and bidders are invited to be present at the opening.

CERTIFIED CHECKS.
 All bids must be accompanied by certified checks upon some United States Depository or Assistant Treasurer, for at least five per cent. of the amount of the proposed contract.

R. E. TROWBRIDGE, Commissioner.

Proposals for Hay.

OFFICE CHIEF C. S. DEPT. OF DAKOTA, BISMARCK, D. T., MAY 12, 1890.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in duplicate, subject to the usual conditions, will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, the 26th day of May, 1890, on which time and place they will be opened in the presence of bidders, for furnishing for the Subsistence Department U. S. Army, two hundred and fifty-acre (250) tons (of 2,000 lbs. each) of hay, in stacks-as follows: viz: At Fort H. D. T. 90 tons; at Fort Sisseton, D. T., 70 tons; and at Fort Stevenson, D. T., 100 tons.

Proposals will be received up to and opened at the same hour at the posts named by the respective Commissioners of such posts, each post Commissary receiving proposals for his own post, only.

Blank proposals and further information may be obtained on application to this office or to the U. S. A. C. S. at any of the posts.

The United States reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Proposals should be enclosed in sealed envelopes marked "Proposals for Hay at _____," there inserting the name of the post, and addressed to the undersigned, or to the A. C. S. of the post bid for.

M. R. MORGAN, Major and C. S., U. S. A.

BANK

WALTER MANN, Pres't, G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r
 St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

Bismarck, - - - Dakota.

Paid up Capital \$50,000

DIRECTORS:

WALTER MANN, G. H. FAIRCHILD, H. R. PORTER, ASA FISHER, DAN EISENBERG.

CORRESPONDENTS:

American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York. First National Bank, Chicago. Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.

Collections made and promptly remitted. Drafts on all principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits. Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by way of the great principal lines of steamboats.

WALTER MANN, Pres't, G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r, St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

HOTEL

J. G. MALLOY, P. F. MALLOY.

WESTERN HOUSE,

MALLOY BROS., Prop.

BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA

The house is centrally located and recently enlarged, refitted and refurnished. Opposite the Railroad Depot. Prices reasonable.

RESTAURANT

1873 1880

Forster's Restaurant

(Established May, 1873.)

The Oldest and Only First-Class

Restaurant in Bismarck.

Board by the day or week.

Meals at all hours.

HIDES

GEO. ORENE, Established 1854. H. M. HOSICK, Chicago, Des Moines, Ia.

CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.

CASH PAID FOR

Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.

Oberne, Hosick & Co.,

BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA.

Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Offices:

Omaha, 251 & 253 Harnes St. Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St. Cheyenne, Wyoming, Terr. 17th St. Ottumwa, Iowa, 30 Main St. Des Moines Iowa, Wall & Second Sts. St. Joseph, Mo., 1st & 2nd Sts. Kansas, South 7th St. Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St. Pueblo, Colorado. Bismarck, Dakota.

Miscellaneous and Children's Shoes.

At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S

LAND NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., April 7th, 1890. Complaint having been entered at this office by Hugh McGuire against Wm. B. Winston for abandoning his timber culture entry No. 28, dated October 10, 1877, upon the north east quarter of section 10, township 139, range 80, in Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of May, 1890, at 10 o'clock p. m., to respond to the testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MASTON, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., May 27th, 1890. Complaint having been entered at this office by Dora A. Classen, against Lyman L. Sperry, for abandoning his Timber Culture Entry No. 75, dated Sept. 20th, 1878, upon the south west quarter, section 28, township 139, range 79, in Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of June, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MASTON, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

U. S.

CASTLE BUILDING.

Casles, O, how well I love thee!
Love to sit on a tower high,
Building castles high above me,
Where no doves are said or taught.
Castles towering, grand, aerial;
Castles where no hopes are lost;
Fashion'd from my brain material;
Never mind on what they cost.
So I build a cozy chamber—
Dust it well with rare perfume;
Ornament with purest amber,
Fling in all the flowers that bloom.
Sofas, velvet, purple, crimson;
Chairs of daintiest hue and make;
All luxuries in profusion;
Love to give and love to take.
Give a nook and read to a friend
(Harps and lutes, at any rate),
And hear a song of Byron's
Sung in tones that captivate.
And there sits some Theodosia—
Venus' self was never fairer,
For her nectar and ambrosia,
Than this damsel dreaming there.
And stunts this dreaming maiden,
In the castle I here make,
Saying in her heart love-laden:
"Heart to give and heart to take."
And there comes a cavalier,
Pierced by Cupid's dart;
And this maid, with never a fear,
Gives to him a heart for heart.
—Chicago Ledger.

Greeley, the Editor.

He was a man for whom it was a pleasure to work. He had one great merit as an editor—he comprehended precisely what a leading article should be. I do not mean to say that he had any peculiar notions; he preferred that a writer should be himself, say what he thought, and say it in his own way. If he could not do this after a fashion commanding readers and respect, Mr. Greeley thought that the man had mistaken his vocation, and advised him to try farming or some other more promising enterprise. An editorial writer, dealing mainly with the manager, had but little to do with Mr. Greeley, unless that writer happened to make a blunder. Then he heard from the little inside room, out of which the chief would issue in a state of wrath worthy of the gods.

Thus it will be seen that, whoever might be the managing editor of the *Tribune*, with whom we were mainly brought in contact, it was Mr. Greeley who really governed and shaped the sheet. There were considerable long periods during which he did not write at all. Often he would be absent from the office for several weeks. Then he would come back and for a little while fill the whole editorial page, and again he would disappear. But he was always the editor of his own newspaper, when he pleased to be. If he found it taking a direction which he did not approve there was trouble, and sometimes more trouble, the particulars of which do not concern the public. More than once, especially during the difficult days of the Rebellion, he brought the *Tribune* round with a sharp turn. In the mere matter of having his own way, there never was an editor-in-chief more positive and self-asserting.

There was the peculiarity about Mr. Greeley's intellectual constitution, that whatever pleased him he never forgot. I had a personal experience of this, which I may venture to relate. I had written, soon after I became attached to the newspaper, a light little article about the penny songs which were then exposed for sale upon the railings of St. Paul's Church, and in other like localities. Twelve years afterward, though I had quite forgotten the trifle, of which he did not say a word to me when it was printed, I received a note from him expressing the wish that this poor old article might be included in a volume of my contributions to the *Tribune* which I was then compiling. I blushed with satisfaction at his kindly suggestion, and actually pulled down a dusty old file of the newspaper, that I might read what had given such a man pleasure over again. When the book was ready, he volunteered to write for an introduction, in which he said that of my work which, however undesired, has been a consolation to me under many circumstances of misunderstanding and discouragement. *Litæ scripta manent.* What this consummate judge of newspaper writing was pleased to print no consideration of modesty shall prevent me from here reprinting. "In the protracted, arduous struggle," he said, "which resulted in the overthrow and extinction of American slavery, many were honorably conspicuous; some by eloquence, more by diligence, others by fearless, absorbing, single-eyed devotion to the great end; but he who most skillfully, effectively, persistently wielded the trenchant blade of satire, was the writer of the following essays." I think that no man, reviewing his life, who has received such praise, from such a source, would resist the temptation to reproduce it, though I hope that I shall be believed when I say that I do so rather for the sake of illustration which it affords of Mr. Greeley's kindness of heart than for any prompting of personal vanity. Such kindly traits in the character of one so widely beloved will be accepted as a fresh proof of the generosity of his heart, if not of the excellence of his critical judgment.
—Charles T. Congdon.

Sleeping Together.

More councils, it is stated, occur between brothers, between sisters, between land gids, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husband and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes, than by almost any other disturbing cause. There is something that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with a person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorbent will go to sleep at rest all night, while the eliminative will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful and peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive; the other will lose. This is the law, and in married life is defied almost universally.

A Wasteful Interest Paid by Farmers.

There is no disputing the fact that any farm implement, be it wagon, plow, harrow, reaper, rake, or what not, if left exposed to sun or rain for ten years, will be practically good for nothing. We might say in five years, but if any choose to cavil at five, we will say ten. This is 10 per cent. per annum. At a cost of less than 1 per cent, these tools can always be kept housed, or under cover of some

kind, even if but rough boards, that will shut out sun and rain. Because we do not see the silent, slow, but steady waste, we are apt to forget that it is ever going on. It is unnecessary to suggest the "application" of this short sermon. Nine per cent. interest saved is not to be despised, even if better times are at hand.—Exchange.

The Gentle Face of War.

During our civil war, the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in Philadelphia was the frequent stopping-place for a few moments of regiments going South, and of large bodies of wounded men on their way home.

A good woman who lived near, whenever she heard of such an arrival, was in the habit of making a pot of coffee and taking it to the tired and wounded men. Some of her neighbors joined her in this good work.

After a few weeks, other persons, finding how grateful this simple refreshment was to the soldiers, asked leave to contribute to it. Then a mechanic who owned an enormous cooper-shop near the depot offered it for their use.

Thus willing work grew. Money came in. Willing hands were ready. In the vacant shop great tables always stood laden with plates, cups, etc.; stoves, with fires always burning, were in the adjoining kitchen, and great stores of cold meats and bread were kept at hand for immediate use.

A cannon was fired ten minutes before a regiment arrived, and when the ears, full of the wounded and sick, rolled into the station, not only a comfortable meal awaited them, but there was a temporary hospital ready, and doctors, and tender, motherly women to dress their wounds.

"Nobody asked me," said a Southern soldier, "if I was a rebel. Nobody seemed to care for anything but that I was suffering. I had lost my arm, and I was on my way to prison. But when I said good-by to these women I almost forgave the North."

The death of one of these good doctors not long ago has recalled these facts. He had charge of several large hospitals in which were men from both armies. On every Sunday, different clergymen of the city came to preach, some of whom were thoughtless enough to take advantage of that occasion to try to convert the rebels to patriotism. The doctor interfered.

"This is not the place for politics," he said. "These wounded and dying men need Christ and Him crucified now. This, and nothing else, gentlemen."

On one Sunday the venerable Bishop Potter, who was very much beloved by the soldiers and prisoners, preached a sermon which drew tears from many of these rough men. One who, it is stated, was an old man of great learning, had become an infidel, and had drawn many others into skepticism. He heard, and with God's help was brought to see the truth. A few days later, knowing that he had but a few days to live, he sent for the Bishop and told him what he owed to him in the sermon he had heard. Soon after he folded his hands, and repeated in a clear but feeble voice a hymn which his mother had taught him fifty years before:

Not in my innocence I trust,
I bow before Thee in the dust.
Through my sin's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.
He died that night.—*Youth's Companion.*

SMILES AND TEARS.

There is a sense of joy,
So potent and complete,
Which no alone shows
A smiling countenance;
But welling down of tears
In windows of the soul.
There is a sense of grief,
So potent and complete,
Which not alone is shown
By weeping, bitter tears;
But, on the countenance,
The sad, expressive smile.
Such tears and smiles doth yield
Their blessings, as the dew
And light on drooping flowers,
But crocodile, forced tears,
And satan smiles, doth win
Disaster and contempt.
—Chicago Ledger.

Sleep-Walking.

The most remarkable instances of somnambulism are those in which the somnambulist works or writes with intelligence and method.

A young French ecclesiastic frequently rose in the middle of the night, went to a table, took pen and ink and wrote portions of sermons. It was not mere mechanical work—he would make frequent corrections to improve the grammar and syntax of his composition. An opaque screen was placed between his eyes and the paper, but he wrote just the same.

In another case a young poet, not having finished some stanzas before he went to bed, rose in the night, went to his table, and finished them so much to his satisfaction that he applauded his own genius and taste; in the morning he remembered nothing of the matter.

Dr. Carpenter mentions the instance of a man who wrote accurately in his sleep, placing his words at good distances apart, dotting every i and crossing every t.

A young collegian got out of bed asleep, lit a candle, sat down to a table, took pen and paper, wrote out some geometrical and algebraic problems, extinguished the light and went to bed again—his eyes closed all the time.

A learned professor set his pupils to work on a very intricate calculation. One of them went to bed with his mind full of the subject, and in the morning was not a little surprised to find his table covered with sheets of paper on which the calculation was fully and satisfactorily developed. The writing was in his own hand; he had risen in the night and done it while asleep.

An experienced farmer says: "I have thoroughly tested planting potatoes whole, in halves, quarters, eighths, and in one, two and three eyes, and my conclusion is that cut to a single eye on a piece and two pieces in a hill is the best economy for the most profit. I prefer planting in drills, three or three and a half feet apart, dropping the pieces together every ten or twelve inches. It is true that, in this way of planting, there are not as many potatoes, but what there are grow to a good size for the table, and will yield more bushels to the acre than more seeding will give."

JAMES R. DODGE, in his investigation of sheep-husbandry in the South, reports more than 500,000 killed by dogs last year, or more than 5 per cent. of the entire number in that section.

THE THRASHER.

'Twas autumn-time—The barn floor
With ripened grain was scattered o'er,
And music of the thrasher's flail
Charmed the heart of Abigail.
It was an Indian summer day,
Smoky—with the warmth of May;
And the lofty doors on either side
Of the old barn were open wide.
So Abba often caught a view
Of the thrasher in his frock of bine;
And he saw her seething o'er the suds,
Rubbing out the family duds.
All day long she heard the blows
As she stood and washed the clothes;
And when he heard her laugh and sing,
How lustily the flail would ring.
But when the great red sun went down
Behind the trees of gold and brown,
She started out with milking-pail,
And he joyfully left his flail.
Then they met beside the bars,
And softly talked until the stars
Came sailing up into the sky,
While the cows stood waiting by.
Next day, when he thrashed again,
'Twas gloomy, and the falling rain
Fell like a thud against the door,
And no singing cheered him more.
But his heart was never lighter,
Nor never had the sun seemed brighter;
For the promise she had given
Raised him to the seventh heaven.
—Chicago Ledger.

How Dr. Potts' Experiment Failed.

Old Dr. Potts, of San Francisco, and who is an enthusiast in his profession, is the originator of the theory that much disease is transmitted to human beings through eating the flesh of immature animals, such as calves, in the early spring. As this assertion was disputed by some of his contemporaries, M. D.'s, Dr. Potts determined to make some useful experiments before giving to the world his discovery. He accordingly purchased a 6-months' calf—one of the kind that appear to be built on stilts—and, as the doctor had no back yard to speak of, he had the brevet cow placed in the cellar, where he proposed to mix the weeds in question among its food for a few days prior to its being converted into test outlets, so to speak. The China boy was bribed not to mention the calf's presence to the other members of the household, who, it happened, had been absent while the quadruped was being secretly let down through the coal-hole by the butcher. To prevent its bleating the doctor had wedged a stout leather muzzle on its nose.

That night the doctor was awakened by Mrs. Potts, who sat up in bed and gasped in a horror-stricken voice: "Gracious heavens! Archibald, don't you hear that singular noise down stairs?"

The calf had evidently gotten the muzzle about half off, and was making a peculiar sound, resembling a small fohorn tortured by remorse, but Old Potts stammered out that he couldn't hear anything in particular.

"Not hear anything, Dr. Potts? Are you deaf? Just listen to that! It's perfectly blood-curdling."

"Perhaps it's rats," hazarded the miserable physician.

"Rats, Dr. Potts! Are you insane? Did you ever hear rats wailing like a lost soul in purgatory?"

"Well, not exactly like it," said the doctor, soothingly, "but perhaps—"
"I can't stand it a moment longer. I shall go wild if you don't go down and see what's the matter. It's my belief that burglars are trying to murder Archibald."

"Well, my dear, if you insist I'll—"
But just then there came a sudden jerk at the bell and a terrible hammering at the front door. The doctor put up the window and beheld a delegation of about fifty half-dressed neighbors with four police officers in their midst.

"Is he dead yet?" said one of the crowd, as the doctor poked his head out.
"Is who dead?" said the latter, much astonished.

"Why, your brother, down there in the cellar. Didn't you tell us your brother had made a big strike in stocks, and was coming to stay with you this week?" asked Didimus, the doctor's next-door neighbor.

"Why, yes! What of it?"
"You cold-blooded villain. Do you suppose no one heard you murdering him in the cellar just now? By Jove, he is not dead yet—he's groaning still. Just listen!"

"If you don't lemme in I'll bust the door down!" said one of the police.
"Oh, Archibald! to think you should turn out to be a murderer!" gasped Mrs. Potts, going into hysterics.

Old Potts was too mad to utter a word. He just walked down stairs in his night-cap, admitted the whole crowd, conducted it to the cellar stairs, handed the policeman a candle, and told him to go ahead. He then went up stairs and awaited results.

Of course the calf made a break for the light as soon as it saw it. The big officer holding it was upset by a terrible butt in the stomach, the candle went out, and, amid the rattling of the coal and the unearthly yells of the crowd, the cellar began to vomit forth hatless, grimy, and disgusted men.

When they had all gone, Old Potts quietly descended, locked the house up again, tied a sponge full of chloroform round the calf's nose, resuscitated Mrs. P., and then returned gloomily to his dreams of science.

How Irish Ruins Are Preserved.

The Irish ruins known as Con O'Neill's Castle, Castlerough, were ordered, by their proprietor, to be inclosed with a wall built around the ruins. If ever there was a realibernian bull, the architect estate perpetrated one on the ruins, for he actually put a wall between the ruins themselves to come for a wall to inclose the.

Women Doctors.

The movement in favor of women doctors, to minister to women's ailments, goes on apace. Two ladies have recently received doctors' diplomas from the Faculty of Medicine in Paris. One of them, Mrs. Chaplin Ayrton, came from Japan, where her husband held an important post under Government, to study medicine, and has passed her examinations with high honors. The other is Mrs. Marshall, sister-in-law of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the premier of this movement among Englishwomen, and now properly acknowledged by male physicians, as well as the public, to deserve the place she has won in the front rank of her profession. Mrs. Marshall gave final proof of her fitness by a thesis that she wrote on an obscure disease, more dangerous to women than men. On handing her her diploma the Paris President said: "You, ma-

dam, have helped to vindicate for all women their right to study medicine. You reply, in your person, to all the objections of your adversaries. I have seen you and watched your work for years—in the hospital, in my yards, by the bedside of the patients—I have seen the earnest work you have done. I congratulate you, and I thank you." It should be remembered that Mrs. Marshall is one of the ladies who began to study medicine at Edinburgh, but was driven thence by the trades-union violence and ungenteel behavior of its medical students. Fortunately there is now a prosperous and an efficient medical school for women in London, which, if it has not yet all the prestige of the older schools for men, grows every season in numbers and reputation.—*London Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Middy Morgan, a New York Market Reporter.

A woman can do things one would least expect a woman to accomplish, if she sets her head to it. It was my happiness last summer to see a lady in New York city who has succeeded nobly in a career few women would adopt from choice.

Her story reads like a romance. One day, near twenty years ago it must have been, a lady landed from a ship in New York harbor. She had come from over sea to make her fortune in the United States. When she left the ship she had a sixpence, and no more, in her pocket. She dropped it into the seaman's charity fund. The lady had letters to influential persons in New York, and recommendations of the highest order from his Majesty, Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.

One of the gentlemen to whom she had a letter was Horace Greeley. She was admitted to his private office and presented her note, likewise a modest request. It was that the founder of the *Tribune* should give her employment on his paper.

"What can you do?" said he. She answered in a very lady-like and earnest way that she could report horse races and agricultural fairs. Horace Greeley never could understand a joke, or he would have seen one here. Also, he had a sort of general contempt for the female intellect, and he probably saw in the young lady before him a mild sort of lunatic. He merely glared at her over his spectacles.

From that day to this Miss Morgan has steadily declared that there was only one person in America she thoroughly detested, and that was Horace Greeley.

"He is the meanest person I ever saw," said she. "He never even asked me to take a seat."

The great editor dismissed the aspiring young woman in short order. But somehow about the *Tribune* office, whose name is now lost to tradition, heard the story and thought it would be a good joke to send the lady who wanted to write about horses to the Saratoga races, then about to come off. Quite in the way of a jest this was actually done. It would be such fun, certain jolly under-editors of the *Tribune* thought. But to keep matters all straight, and get a proper account of the races, the young man who regularly reported such things was also sent as usual. Ignorant of this, the intrepid Middy Morgan wrote out her story of the famous races and sent it to the paper. The regular reporter sent his. Then it was that the joke turned. Miss Morgan's account was used instead of the regular reporter's. It was in the nature of a stunning surprise to the *Tribune* authorities. It was so well written, so full of spirited life, and showed such entire acquaintance with the subject that from that day on this brave girl found no trouble in getting work.

She was sent everywhere to report horse fairs and races. That was her regular work for some years, when she exchanged it for life-stock reporting. She now only reports the cattle market. New York drovers call her the best judge of horned cattle in this country. She can tell the weight of a beef on the foot in the twinkling of an eye. There is this peculiarity about her, that whatever work she undertakes she does it better than anybody else. That is why she succeeds so well. She now reports the cattle markets for some four New York papers, among them the *Times* and *Tribune*. She has saved her earnings and is quite well-to-do.

"Humph! she ought to be," said an impatient young lady with pink cheeks and banged hair: "she ought to be rich. Two thousand dollars a year and no clothes!"

The young lady did not mean it literally. She only meant to allude to Miss Morgan's severe simplicity in dress.—*New York Letter.*

Working Girls.

A physician, talking of the ill-health of so many girls who pass their lives in crowded factories and stores, says that household service is the most healthful of all employments for women. The vocation of the nurse-girl is very healthful, in spite of its lifting. It gives a variety of out-door exercises and plenty of sunshine, and then the companionship of bright, young, beautiful children is a health-giving influence. There is need of intelligent, educated and superior women in this department of labor, and it would be well all around if many of our over-taxed and overcrowded women in the factories and the trades would seek it. Bright, intelligent girls could command good salaries as cooks. This sort of work gives a girl good food (if her cooking is bad it's her own fault), variety of movement, exercise of all parts of the body and, generally, a reasonable time for rest. It's a very different thing to walk about a kitchen or a house from standing with one's dead weight on the feet all day, as the poor girls behind the counters have to do. And, after all, if domesticity does not rank quite as high as clerks (in the latter's opinion) better sacrifice pride than health.

The condition of the soil is always to be taken into account. Fields that are drained, either naturally or artificially, may be safely sown when a wet soil cannot be. Wet soils are cold. Some deny this on the ground that the water is as warm as the soil, and as no re-igniting effect. But it is the circulation of air in the soil that warms it, and if it is so filled with water that air cannot enter, it remains cold, until the water has evaporated.

ANGELS PEERING DOWN.

"O, mamma, I've been watching the stars,
And I'm almost sure I saw
A beautiful angel peeping down—
I wonder if 'twas grandpa."
"You know he used to gaze at the stars
When all but he was retired;
I think now that he wanted to go
He looked so gentle and tired."
"Look, mamma, look at my brightest star,
Spread out like a golden crown,
And tell me truly if you can see
A bright angel peeping down."
"For if all those gleaming, glistening stars
Are windows in God's bright world,
Grandpa will choose the brightest of them
To look for his little girl."
"I'd like to live up above the stars
If it wasn't for you and papa—
Perhaps he's wishing that I would come
To tell him about grandma."
"But I'll have to wait, and watch the stars,
And the angels peeping down;
Some day they'll come and bear me away—
Another gem for His crown."
"Mamma, don't weep if above the stars
God calls me to live with Him,
I'll fly right up to the brightest one,
And grandpa will let me in."
—Chicago Ledger.

Two Cups of Tea.

"It blows, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat collar, "enough to cut one's ears off."

Mrs. Corney looked from the kettle to the Beadle, and bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn't take a cup of tea.

Mr. Bumble turned back his collar, drew another chair up to the table, looked at the lady, coughed and smiled.

Mrs. Corney rose to get another cup and saucer from the closet, and again Mr. B. coughed louder than before.

"Sweet, Mr. Bumble?" inquired the matron, taking up the sugar-basin.

"Very sweet, indeed, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, and, if ever a Beadle looked tender, Mr. B. was that Beadle at that moment.

"You have a cat, ma'am, I see; and kittens, too, I declare! Very nice animals—so very domestic."

"Oh, yes," rejoined the matron, "so fond of their home, too."

"Mrs. Corney, I mean to say this, that any cat or kitten that could live with you, ma'am, and not be fond of its home, must be an ass, ma'am," and he hitched his chair a very little morsel farther from the fire.

The table was a round one; consequently, moving the chair little by little, soon began to diminish the distance between the Beadle and the matron. Now, if the matron had moved her chair to the right, she would have been scorched by the fire, and, if to the left, she must have fallen into Mr. Bumble's arms; so (being a discreet matron, and no doubt foreseeing these consequences at a glance) she remained where she was, and handed Mr. B. another cup of tea.

The Beadle drank his tea to the last drop, finished a piece of toast, whisked the crumbs off his knees, wiped his lips, and—deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble! Mr. Bumble! I shall scream!" Mr. B. made no reply, but, in a slow and dignified manner, put his arm around the matron's waist. As the lady had stated her intention of screaming, of course she would have done so, but a hasty knocking at the door had the curious effect of restoring her voice to its usual asperity, and the Beadle spread himself before the fire, with his back toward it, seeming to be engaged in taking an exact inventory of the furniture.—*Older Twist.*

The Human Race Running to Brain.

If there is to be so much head work, what will become of us all? If both men and women are to develop more and more their brains, we shall soon be not far from the realization of the words of Diderot, who said: "We walk so little, we work so little, and we think so much, that I do not despair of man ending by being nothing but a head." Figure to yourself civilized man 100 or 200 years hence, when manual labor shall have been entirely replaced by machinery, and when the dreams of Socialists shall have been realized, and man, even in the lowest grade of society, shall be able to gain his livelihood by working say three or four hours out of the twenty-four. The tendency, you will observe, is constantly to reduce the hours of labor. In many parts of England, for instance, the hours of labor are little more than half what they were fifty years ago. Imagine, then, the movement spoken of by Diderot constantly progressing, and man walking less and less, owing to the increased facilities of communication and locomotion, and working less and less, owing to the constantly increasing use and perfection of machinery, and thinking more and more out of pure distraction and out of the ennui of civilization! Imagine woman, thanks to the realization of the projects of Mr. Camille See and to the establishment of Girton Colleges all over the world, imagine woman walking even less than she does now, working less, and thinking more and more! What shall we come to, great Darwin? Does not the theory of evolution point to the inevitable realization of Diderot's words? Will not our legs wither away and return to the rudimentary stage like our tails? Will not our arms and bodies diminish, and muscles for which there is no longer any use dry up, and their elements be absorbed by the brain and head, which will acquire the phenomenal proportions of a caricature?—*Parisian.*

Uncle Johnny at Church.

When good Gov. S., who is a most devout Episcopalian, was the Chief Magistrate of Kentucky, he was wont to frequently entertain the members of the General Assembly at the Governor's mansion. To one of these levees came, with the members from his county, an old mountaineer who had just reached Frankfort with a raft of logs which he had brought down the Kentucky river.

The old man, who was called familiarly "Uncle Johnny," soon became the center of an admiring group, to whom his jeans clothes were not at all an improper attire for the Governor's levee; and his tongue being loosed by a glass of sherry wine—which he then tasted for the first time in his life—he was entertaining his auditors with stories from "his country," when the Governor approached.

"Uncle Johnny, here is the Governor," said one of the company; and straightway the old man was silent, for he was overwhelmed by this first vision of the majesty of the commonwealth.

"Go on with your story, Uncle Johnny," said some one; "the Governor will like to hear it."
"Yes, go on, Uncle Johnny," said

the Governor, with a kindly smile of encouragement; and the old man, thus convinced that even the Governor was also a man, concluded his narrative.

Then, becoming bolder, he ventured to address the Governor, saying:
"Guvner, I went to your meeting yistday, and I seen whar you sets."

He had been to the Episcopal Church, and had been shown the Governor's pew.

"Did you, Uncle Johnny?" responded Gov. S. "And how did you like it?"

"Well, Guvner, I never knowed much whar they was a doin', but I riz and fell with 'em every time."

Hon. William H. Seward's Advice to Young Men.

Mr. Seward, in a letter to a young man, just published for the first time, said: "I am glad to know you have got into the country. It is the best place for young men. Allow me to give you a word of advice. Just as soon as you can get out of public employment into some occupation by which you can support yourself, do it, and become an independent man. Salaries exhaust the energies of all men, and very often corrupt them."

No greater calamity can befall a young man than to begin life in a public office. An easy clerkship with a liberal salary much oftener injures than benefits the recipient. As a rule it unfits a young man for the rougher work of life, and, by taking him away from the stimulating influences of competition, prevents him from acquiring the mental and physical fiber indispensable to success.

And these coveted positions are all the more pernicious because they are so often merely temporary. It would not be so bad if the young man who begins life in a rut were permitted to stay there. But these easy clerkships have come to be recognized as rewards for party service rendered either by the recipients or by their friends, and come and go with the rise and fall of parties. A dismissed clerk from a political office is about as pitiable an object as one often meets with.

During the two or four or six years he has been drawing a fair salary for little work he has been forming habits which will him for sterner service, and he is obliged to take up the thread of life where he dropped it to enter upon his coveted clerkship, p with fewer friends, less ambition and worse habits than when he left his original employment, where he had to work hard for little pay, to enter upon an official position where there was little to do and big pay for doing it.

Whoever has had any very protracted experience in political life can call up scores of young men whose early abilities inspired high hopes of usefulness and success, but who have sunk into obscurity, if not into something worse, under the enervating influence of some petty office. Such a position may help him for a few years, but the chances are that it will spoil him for life.—*Albany Journal.*

A Torpedo After a Man.

The inventor has constructed a self-propelling torpedo which possessed the peculiarity of being able to be used on land as well as in water—a result which was obtained by fitting it with wheels. He undertook to exhibit this torpedo to a committee of naval officers at Lyme, Ct., last August. A canal-boat to be blown up had been anchored some distance from the shore, and it was understood that the torpedo would start from the beach, proceed to the canal boat, blow it to pieces, and return to the shore, where a subsequent experiment would demonstrate its efficiency on land. Whether the inventor had been guilty of ill-treating the torpedo, or whether it was a peculiarly vicious one, we have no means of knowing. We do know, however, that after it had gone a few rods in the direction of the canal-boat, it turned around and came rapidly and with undue ferocity toward the group on the beach. The naval officers hastily retreated, but the torpedo paid no attention to them. On landing it made for the inventor, who fled with every symptom of extreme terror. In vain did he seek to outstrip his pursuer. The torpedo followed him across the country, jumping ditches, climbing fences, and steadily gaining on him. Happily, he recollected that the torpedo could not turn quickly, and so, when he was nearly overtaken, he suddenly doubled on his pursuer and ran toward the village. The torpedo turned and followed him, gaining so long as the inventor kept straight on, but losing a little at every turn. He was nearly exhausted when he finally reached his own workshop, the door of which stood open. He dashed in, shut the door, and dashed out again through a rear window, just as the ferocious and baffled torpedo flung itself against the door, and, exploding, blew the workshop into small pieces. No account of this incident has hitherto been published, for the obvious reason that the inventor was interested in keeping it secret. It is, however, every bit as true as many of the stories which have been told of the wonderful feats accomplished by other and tamer torpedoes, and it gives us a glimpse of the terrible consequences which may follow if our torpedoes should become rebellious and devastate our cities and towns, instead of annihilating the ships of the enemy.—*New York Times.*

Girls as Cannon Shot.

Whether other nations will regard the use of girls by the British artillery as contrary to the law of nations is a grave question. In former days cannon-shot was not permitted to be used except in sea-fights, on the ground that it inflicted an unnecessary amount of suffering. But a girl, when fired into a compact body of men, would do far greater execution than any cannon-shot. Hundreds would be wounded by flying hair-pins and buttons. That girls thus used would greatly demoralize an enemy in the open field cannot be doubted. We can imagine what a panic would have seized the Confederate army if the Federal guns had begun to fire New England school-mistresses. Men who might have been perfectly willing to face the dreadful hail of iron bolts would have fled in abject terror after a few rounds of girls of the kind in question.—*New York Times.*

Is LENDING a friend a wash

THE HOUSE AND FARM.

W. J. BEAL says of Alsike clover: Botanists do not consider it a hybrid. I have twice tried to make crosses with this and white clover, but without success. I have never seen any plants which were intermediate between Alsike and white clover, though I have seen bees working on the flowers of each species where the plants were well mixed. If the plants can be crossed, we shall expect to see new hybrids. The stalks sometimes grow four to six feet in length, but they fall down and the leaves decay toward the base of the stems. The stems recline but do not take root like white clover. It is valuable for pasture and makes good hay, though its habit is not well adapted for meadows.

A FIRST-CLASS authority tells us that the good ox should have a long, lean face and bright hazel eyes, which show capability to receive instruction and disposition to obey it. Large nostrils denote the capability of the ox to work on a hot day. Very large horns at the base denote laziness. Full breast, straight back, wide ribs—by which is meant the ribs that round out nearly as wide as the hip bones—and wide gambril, are evidence of strength. Straight knees, broad toes, pointed forward, show an ox that can travel on hard road or pavement.

KEEP the stables clean. Clear out the manure every morning, and scrape or card off all hair from the animals. The stable should be made so warm that the manure will not freeze at night. A lower temperature will either demand a larger amount of food or the animal will fall off in condition.

"We were awaked a few nights ago from sleep," says the Warrenton (Ga.) Journal, "by a low, soft, sweet singing, as if our mocking bird, which was in its cage in the room, had concluded to serenade us. The notes were distinct, clear and varied in tone. We listened quietly and then approached the bird-cage, but were convinced that the music did not emanate from our feathered songster. The next day and night we frequently heard the mysterious singing, which proceeded from different parts of the closet, until we were led to believe that a singing mouse had domiciled itself under our roof. We were correct, for a few nights thereafter the singing mouse ventured into the room, trilling his notes unabashed. In an attempt to capture this peculiar singing animal, we had to kill it to prevent its escape."

THE proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the space where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height, from the feet to the top of the head, is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Copper has many singular properties. Try to drill it, try to file it, to cut it, to plane, to polish, or to roll it out, or try to stretch it over a mandrel. These things may all be done, but only by an expert hand. In one case you must soothe the surface with oil, or with tallow and wax; in another the least smear of oil causes it to buckle up and all is spoilt. Under one operation a bathing of milk is used; in another a touch with the workman's saliva is more effective than anything else. The tool applied to it must be neither hard nor soft, beyond the limits of a straw tempering. Anneal it, and kindly it comes forth from the furnace and yields itself to the workman's will; but indiscreetly strike it a few times with a hammer, and in an instant the entire mass undergoes a transformation, and becomes sonorous, elastic, non-plastic, in a word unmanageable.

SOME time ago a number of Canadian agriculturists met in convention and adopted for themselves the following creed: We believe the soil lives to eat as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured. We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore deep plowing, and enough of it. All the better if it be a sub-soil plow. We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it, making both the farm and the farmer rich at once. We believe that every farm should own a good farmer. We believe that the father of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence, with out these, lime, gypsum and guano would be of little use.

THE tree-felling electric battery is an extension of a well-known and very useful surgical instrument for removing warts, etc. A small platinum wire is drawn tightly around a tree and connected with a battery, by which the wire is heated white hot. The wire is kept taut as it burns into the wood until it burns through, leaving the tree standing, but needing only a little force to bring it to the ground. It is not in practical operation.

The Benefits of Travel.
"It is a good thing," the fat passenger remarked, "for a man to travel."
"Yes," said the tall, thin passenger, "it takes the extra flesh off him."
"I should judge, then," the fat passenger remarked, "for it is observed he still feels a little sore about the ghost discussion, 'that you had been out to the moon a couple of times this spring.'"
"And you," replied the tall, thin passenger, "ought to walk around a billiard table twice a day. But I was going to say," he added, as though fearful that the discussion would assume a religious character, "that, as men learn each other more thoroughly, they like each other better; they endure each other's failings and whims and hobbies more patiently; they learn that the world is a great big world, full of good people, wise people, smarter people than themselves. A man learns his

own general insignificance by travel. Every day he meets people who excel him in his own particular pet ambition. If he is ambitious to be considered a bad man, he finds men so much wickeder than himself that he is ashamed to think what an angel he is. If he thinks himself a wise, scholarly man, he blushes to hear other men answering questions that only expose his own ignorance. If he thinks he is funny, and is rather inclined to be proud of his wit, he meets men who will make people laugh where he can only put them to sleep. Travel is a great educator. It makes us charitable and assists us to fraternize with mankind."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

A Pauper and a Millionaire.
Before the outbreak of our cruel war I was accustomed for several years to spend the month of August at Saratoga, and to meet there many friends from the planting States of the South.

On one occasion, I was introduced to a new-comer, a wealthy planter, about 50 years of age, of whom I had heard it said by a clergyman, "He is a grand character."

His address and manners suggested the cultured Christian gentleman, who had inherited a good deal from his parentage. Hence, the whispered remark of a lady, a near relative, was to me a great surprise: "He has lived a worldly life, and, as a religious man, is only 2 years old."

"You amaze me," I replied; "tell me more of him. Was he led to a religious life under the ministry of your brother?"
"Oh, no," she answered, laughing at my mistake; "no great sermon could touch him! He could argue down any educated preacher, to his own satisfaction, at any rate. All the eloquence that ever moved him was in the prayer of a slave, overheard at night."

Reading in my eyes my entreaty for the facts of the case, my informant proceeded:
"A companion of Mr. Allen's school days, from New England, was his guest at the plantation-home. One evening, at the tea-table, the talk turned upon the negro melodies, and the Northerner expressed a wish to hear them at some one of the religious gatherings on the plantation."

"I can gratify you to-night," said the planter; and then within an hour the guest was asked to "come with me." Ere long the two men silently approached the cabin-meeting, unnoticed. The lively song fell upon their ears at a distance. As they reached the rear of the cabin it ceased, and they listened to the prayer of the leader. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" could never have improved upon that prayer, so unadvised and apt.

"After thanking God for His loving care the old servant gave special thanks for the gift of so good a master. Then came a sudden turn and change of tone, thus:

"But now, O Lord, why bless us, poor people, so much with the riches of grace, and fill our hearts so clock-full all the time, singing day and night, and not give master a double portion to make him happy, like old King David, when he sang his new song, and wanted all the people to sing along with him? O Savior, show him Thy great salvation!"

"That prayer was a wonder; no one there could have prayed just so except this very 'Old Tom.' It flashed a new truth into the planter's soul. He talked to himself:

"Yes; old Tom is rich, a millionaire! I am a pauper. What a wasted life! It seemed as if the change were already begun; the prayer answered on the spot; so that, having had power on heaven, it had become a power on earth."
—*Youth's Companion.*

The Oldest Republic.

San Marino, the oldest and smallest republic in the world, is situated in Eastern Central Italy, and is governed by a Legislative Senate of 60 members, elected for life; an Executive Council of 12, two-thirds of whom go out every year, and two Presidents, elected for six months. The territory of the republic is twenty-two square miles in extent, and embraces five small villages, with a population in 1874 of 7,816. The capital, of the same name, is perched on the crest of a mountain 2,635 feet above the sea, and commands a splendid view of the Apennines on one side and at sunrise of the Dalmatian coast, across the Adriatic, on the other. It is said to have been founded early in the fourth century by St. Marinus, a converted stonemason, who fled from Rimini (thirteen miles north) during the Diocletian persecution. There is a standing army of 131 officers and 819 men, and it has an annual revenue of about \$22,000. The principal products are fruit, silkworms, and wine. This little republic exists, of course, by the sufferance of its powerful neighbors, but owes much also to the good sense and energy of its citizens, the most distinguished of whom has been Antonio Confalonieri, a contemporary of the First Napoleon. There is a history of the republic by Melchiorre Delfico.

A Hebrew Tradition.

The following beautiful tradition about Moses has been handed down to posterity: He fed the flock of his father-in-law. One day, while he was contemplating his flock in the desert, he saw a lamb leave the herd and run further and further away. The tender shepherd not only followed it with his eyes, but went after it. The lamb quickened its steps, hopped over hills, sprang over ditches, hastened through the valley and plain; the shepherd unweariedly followed its track. At last the lamb stopped by a spring, at which it eagerly quenched its thirst. Moses hastened to the spot, looked sadly at the drinking lamb, and said: "It was thirst, then, my poor beast, which tormented thee, and drove thee from me, and I did not understand; and now thou art faint and weary from the long, hard way, thy powers are exhausted; how, then, couldst thou return alone to thy comrades?" After the lamb had quenched its thirst and seemed undecided what road to take, Moses lifted it to his shoulder, and, bending under the heavy burden, strode back to the flock. Then he heard the voice of God calling to him, saying: "Thou hast a tender heart for my creatures; thou art a kind, gentle shepherd to the flocks of man; thou art now called to feed the flocks of God."—*Jewish Messenger.*

THERE is a town in Kansas named "Monkey Wrench."

How England Takes Her Census.

In Great Britain a census has been taken every ten years since 1801, and the system is now one of the most perfect in existence. Until near the close of the last century there was no real method, and all previous estimations of the population of the United Kingdom were mere guess work. It seems the more strange that such should have been the case, considering that, in the American colonies, enumerations of the population had often been made by order of the home Government. In 1790 a beginning was made in Scotland by Sir John Sinclair, who, through his personal efforts in enlisting the co-operation of all the clergymen of the Establishment, collected returns which were of great value, although necessarily incomplete. After seven years he completed his compilations, and published the results in twenty-one volumes, probably the greatest statistical work ever undertaken and carried through by one private enterprise. Under the system adopted in 1851 the system in Great Britain is now taken in one day, the 31st of March. In 1851 30,610 enumerators were appointed in England and Wales by the 2,190 district Registrars in those countries, each enumerator having a distinctly defined district assigned to him. In Scotland the thirty-two Sheriffs appointed the temporary Registrars—generally parish schoolmasters—and 8,130 enumerators. For the smaller islands the Government appointed 257 enumerators, and in Ireland the census was taken by the constabulary. Some days before the census day printed schedules were delivered at every house or tenement; in Wales these were printed in Welsh, for the benefit of the lower classes. These schedules contained questions about the name, relation to the head of the family, condition, age, sex, occupation, and birth-place of every person in Great Britain, and also to the number of deaf, dumb and blind. Measures were taken to secure accurately the names of night laborers, persons out of the country, travelers, seamen, soldiers, etc. These schedules were all filled up in the night of March 30-31, and were taken up at an early hour on March 31, the collector filling up the parts that had been left blank through their negligence or inability. All unoccupied houses and buildings in course of construction were also noted. The floating population—persons who spent the night in boats and barges, in barns, sheds, etc., were required to be estimated as nearly as possible. The enumerators were allowed one week to make their returns in, all transcribed, and the summaries and estimates completed to detailed instructions. The district Registrars had to complete their revision of the returns of their subordinates in a fortnight, paying particular attention to nine specially defined points. These revised returns were again revised by the Superintendent Registrars, and then transmitted to the Census Office. The census was the most successful, in quickness and accuracy, accomplished in any country up to that time, and the same system has been pursued, with little variation, ever since. The digestion of the census reports by the central authorities is conducted most thoroughly, and the compilations are of the greatest value to statisticians and economists. The British system served as a model for many other countries, where the census is now taken in one day by means of printed schedules.

Some Hints on Right Reading.
W. E. Foster's admirable lecture on "Right Reading," reported by the Providence Journal, is summed up by C. A. Cutter, in the *Library Journal*, as follows:
A. The right selection of books. Personal adaptation should guide us. Our reading should have a tendency toward symmetrical development; it should not be exclusively technical, nor exclusively general. We should begin where we are interested. An investigation of a subject will lead from that into other fields. It may be objected that this requires a suggestive habit of mind. But a suggestive habit of mind is not born in any man; it may be acquired by any man. Let once a beginning be made, and the further we go, the surer we are of recognizing some familiar event or topic; the dread of unfamiliarity vanishes after we have taken the first few steps. There must be discrimination in our reading; aimlessness is one of the worst evils. B. Right methods of reading. Definiteness of purpose is as necessary here as in the selection. We must have a clear idea of just what we wish to get out of each book. System, a scientific adjustment of means to ends. We must read in a comparative way. It is not safe to judge any question apart from its relations. The reader must take a survey of the whole field before beginning at any one point. In using reference lists, such as are issued by the Providence Library, it is not necessary to read every book and every chapter referred to. We must select what on the whole would best serve our purpose. We are not to ignore our interests, however some one book might particularly attract the attention of some one reader. The plan of reading by a reference list does not apply to all books. Imagine a man going through "Shakespeare" or "Paradise Lost" in this ruthless manner! The plan applies to the works of the "Literature of Knowledge." "The literature of power" needs a different treatment. Books which have an organic unity, following out one central subject or thought, must be read as a whole. We should review our reading at times.

THOMAS JEFFERSON said: "Let the farmer forevermore be honored in his calling, for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God."

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Leaves Bismarck daily except Sundays at 8 a. m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours! Leaves Standing Rock daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours. For freight or passage apply to GEO. PEOPLES & CO., Bismarck, or JNO. THOMSON & CO., Standing Rock, D. T.

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Ruggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 38-3m

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Fortify the System

And you are armed against disease. The finest tonic for this purpose is Hostetter's

Stomach Bitters, which renders digestion easy and complete, counteracts biliousness, and

benefits its effects, that not only is the body invigorated and regulated by its use, but despondency banished from the mind.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Out

LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Duna & Co., druggists, No. 92 Main street.

Fifty two houses are now in process of erection in this city.

Mike McLean is enjoying a good saloon trade at the landing.

F. W. Hide, at the brewery, steamboat landing, wants a girl. Good family and good wages.

John W. Smith, of Miles City, writes down that two good painters are wanted at that city.

Route agent Plummer is happy, having another of those well springs of joy—a baby boy—in his household.

The stage-company have sent twenty-five teams to work on their new route from Fort Pierre to the Hills.

Walter & Fischer, brewers at the landing, report beer trade very brisk. They are unable to supply the demand.

The crops are looking as well as could be wished for. The cool rains of the past week did good work for the wheat.

Col. Brown and Capt. Mantor, receiver and register of public lands, moved into their new land office on Third street, Wednesday last.

A trip to the landing will well repay anyone. Never was business more rushing than the present season. That end of town is growing swiftly.

Stimpson's Ice Cream Parlors are elegantly fitted up and the beauty of his place is only excelled by the excellence of his cream and delicacies.

Harry McBratney was in town this week stocking up his fine establishment in Mandan. The Palace restaurant is the best in the line, across the river.

Material for bridging, to be used on the Northern Pacific extension, arrived in large quantities this week, ready to throw together upon arrival at destination.

Ye editor, catching the spirit of the season, has in twelve acres of wheat, and planting twenty acres of potatoes and twelve of corn—by proxy, of course.

John A. McLean and Don Stevenson have gone to Miles City to look after their government contracts. They are among the heaviest and most successful in the business.

Lieut. Grimes and family will occupy W. A. Hollembaek's house on Thayer street above First, this summer. This street contains some of the finest residences in the city.

Messrs. H. G. Coykendall and D. O. Preston have been appointed enumerators for taking the census in Burleigh county. W. F. Steele does the work for the eastern part of Burleigh county.

Of an evening it is really delightful to walk down to Stimpson's and get a dish of ice cream or strawberries together with a liberal sprinkling of choice confectionery. Who couldn't keep a girl solid with such inducements.

To show what a man can do with a brick block in this city it is only necessary to take the Raymond block for an illustration. Mr. Raymond receives \$3,100 rent per year besides having a large portion of the block for his own institution.

W. A. Hollembaek has just received several barrels of 72 whiskey from Rochester, N. Y. In addition to his liquor department, Mr. Hollembaek carries the largest stock of drugs and stationery northwest of St. Paul. He now has nearly \$25,000 stock.

Teams are in such demand at Bismarck that Father Stephan spent three days finding a team for the agency, and then had to pay a very high figure. From \$3.50 to \$4 per acre is being paid for breaking, and it is almost impossible to obtain teams for odd jobs of work.

The rain this week caused two or three days delay in the court house building. The laying of the corner stone will be attended with Masonic and Odd Fellowship ceremonies, of which due notice will be given. Preparations for the occasion are being made by both societies.

The new firm of W. H. Thurston & Co. carry as fine a line of groceries and supplies as have ever been opened in any community, and are building up a splendid trade. Attention to business, courteous treatment and a full stock will bring trade, and if that will do it, Thurston & Co. are sure to win.

Robert Macnider has returned from Wisconsin, where he purchased forty yoke of oxen for work on McLean & Macnider transportation contract. There is so much work resulting from the movement of troops this year that transportation is very scarce. Several thousand tons will require to be moved.

"Rody" Ryan, who has been engaged in the liquor traffic at the end of the track during the spring, died of inflammatory rheumatism Tuesday. Ryan's brother, who came down from Gary recently, was a passenger on the Batchelor for the Yellowstone country where he was to locate a site for business and send for "Rody."

Mr. J. P. Dunn has just received and has now displayed a large stock of drugs, perfumes, stationery, etc. Mr. Dunn is thinking seriously of putting up a two-story brick, that he may have more room for display. Mr. Asa Fisher may also join with him and put up a double store building, with a large hall and offices above.

Mr. Watson's new store will be ready for occupancy next month. Messrs. Naive & Baker now see that they have missed it by not building a two-story building, as they could rent the second story for as much as the first floor brings. They will, however, put on two more stories next year if other bricks are put up in the block.

Dennis Hannafin's advertisement appears in another column. A visit to his place on Fourth street will convince anyone that Hannafin keeps the boss place. He has a bar tender who can make gin whiskey, or any other kind of cocktail, with his eyes shut. He has a peculiar trait of serving a large number of parties. He can stand alone end of the counter and throw the "flowing bowls" to each customer along the entire length of the bar and not vary an inch or spill a drop. He is known as the "Rock Mountain Juggler." He is always on deck, ready to perform this hazardous feat.

The new firm of Kupitz & Griffin is a strong one. It is backed by almost unlimited capital, the senior member of the firm has experience in their line and enjoys the confidence as well as the acquaintance of the people. The junior member is a brother of L. N. Griffin, the enterprising proprietor of the Merchants Hotel. In addition to the full line of fresh meats, fresh fish, fresh vegetables and fresh fruit carried by them, they have a full line of family groceries and steamboat supplies,

and those fond of flowers can secure through them house plants of every variety.

Arthur Driggs has the painting of the new Episcopal church nearly completed and the building is now one of the most attractive edifices on the line. It is beautifully located and when the shade trees shall have grown up around it, will be as attractive as "the little church around the corner."

The Chicago & North-Western Railway will sell round trip tickets at EXCLUSIVE RATES from all its stations to Chicago and return, for the National Republican Convention, to be held in Chicago, June 2. Tickets will be sold May 30 to June 1, inclusive; good to return till June 5.

The river landing is now quite a busy place. There are several new business houses, and the machine shops and brewery combine to make it quite an important centre. At least one hundred men are constantly at work around the freight houses and steamboats.

E. H. Bly left with his laborers Wednesday, for a point on the Little Missouri, one hundred miles from Deadwood, where he will erect a Saw Mill. The ties for the N. P. contract will be floated down the Little Missouri.

Mr. T. F. Tully, who has opened a merchant tailoring establishment on Third street on the corner formerly occupied by Mrs. Linn, is turning out the very best of work. His long experience is sufficient recommendation.

Edward J. Peterson, of Mandan, was shot and killed in the Bad Lands last week, by the accidental explosion of a revolver in the hands of Fred Heiser. He was a nephew of P. O. Christrom.

Harry Hofficker was in this week. He had a stretch of seventy-two hours without any let up last week. Moving the extension supplies makes railroad business lively between Mandan and the "Y."

A communicated item in another column, calls some young man in this city an ass. Wonder if the young man is really an ass, or whether the writer was assuming too much?

"The Miller's Daughter" has been set to music in the family of D. J. Burt of the Bismarck mills. It is a girl, weighed eight pounds, and the four of the flock.

Mrs. Lewis has fitted in fine style the store formerly occupied by Kupitz, and has a cozy ice cream parlor for ladies and gents. Meals are served at all hours.

S. A. Crump, agent of the Keogh line, returned this morning from a trip to Miles City, Keogh and the various stations on this route.

The Mandan Criterion was one year old last Saturday, yet it is not happy and its editor has not amassed but a few thousand.

H. S. Davis has gone to the "Y" on the extension to take charge of the telegraph office at that point.

The Mandan Post Office has been made a Money Order Office from and after July 1st.

The Western House.

Malloy Bros., of this popular hotel, have just fitted up fourteen new rooms for the accommodation of their constantly increasing patronage. The house has a large list of regular boarders and is a favorite with transients from the forts, the extension and the river, as it affords first class accommodations at a reasonable price. Its proprietors, too, are among the most enterprising and public spirited citizens of Bismarck.

LETTER-LIST.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncalled for in Bismarck (D. T.) postoffice for week ending May 28, 1880:

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.	
Brisco, Henry D.	Jackson, Thomas
Brown, John N.	Lang, Philip
Burns, Thos.	Laupner, Wm
Barr, Wm P.	
Collins, Cornelius	Murphy, Bart
Canfield, Fred A.	Mable, G. E.
Caldwell, Mark A.	Mess, John
Cochran, Thomas	McHugh, J. P.
Chamberlain, W. H.	Mess, Peter
Cassidy, Wm	McElroy, R. C.
	Nottingham, Melton
Dike, Alvin P.	
Dennison, John M.	Olson, Oskak
Dunn, Lawrence	O're, John
Davis, Warner	O'Brien, Martin
Edwards, C. L.	Palmer, Fred L.
Garris, James	Peterson, Oa
Horton, Frank J.	Rogers, Benton
Hanna, J. J.	Redington, Geo L.
Hanson, J. J.	
Hoffman, J.	Whitehill, A. M.
Hoffman, Jerome	Walker, H.
Hart, Trip	Welch, Mahlon
Hudson, R. L.	Washington, Mark
	Williams, S.
	Wesley, R.
LADIES' LIST.	
Armstrong, Mrs. Jenny	Martin, Alice
Dolan, Miss Maggie	Palmer, Mrs. Elizabeth
Everson, Miss Ellen	Petit, Mrs. Rosa
	Wilson, Miss Ida

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "advertised."

C. A. LOUGHEEY, P. M.

Adjustable Store Backs.
To fit any size cook stove of any make, at D. I. BAILEY & Co., 84 Main Street.

Ours of all Sizes.
And improved patterns at D. I. BAILEY & Co.'s.

A Large and Complete Stock
Of Stationery at DUNN'S.

Paint, Varnish, and Katsomung
Brushes at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Breaking Wanted.
Twenty-five thousand acres of breaking in the vicinity of Tower City wanted. Address: S. S. SWALL, Tower City, D. T.

Table Boarders.
Of any number can be accommodated at R. H. Mansur's, corner 5th and Meigs.

A Fine Assortment of Bird Cages
at D. I. BAILEY & Co.'s.

A Full Line
Paints, Oils, and Brushes at DUNN'S.

Lamps of all kinds
at D. I. BAILEY & Co.'s.

Fifty Thousand of Various Brands
of Cigars being closed out at manufacturer's prices at HOLLEMBACK'S.

First-class Table Board.
\$5.00 per week, at R. H. MARSH'S, corner 5th and Meigs.

Russia Leather
And Seal Skin Portemoubaie and pocket-books at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Strawberry Plants
for sale cheap, at BRAGG'S.

Bird Cages.
A fine assortment, at D. I. BAILEY & Co.'s.

Blank Books
at DUNN'S.

Fence Your Lot.
Illustrated Catalogue with Price List, descrip-

tive of all styles of Fence [wood or iron.] manufactured by Minn. Fence Work Co., furnished by CHAS. F. FAIRCHILD, Agent, Bismarck.

1-11

A Fine Thing For the Teeth.
Fragrant SOZODONT is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the Oriental vegetable kingdom. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth and gums. Its emulsifying and antiseptic properties and its fragrant makes it a toilet luxury. SOZODONT removes all disagreeable odors from the breath caused by catarrh, bad teeth, etc. It is entirely free from the injurious and acid properties of tooth pastes and powders which destroy the enamel. One bottle will last six months.

Lace Buntings.
Are the latest, and Dan Eisenberg has a full assortment of them, also a full line of Linen Lawns.

House Plants of Every Variety
At KUPITZ & GRIFFIN'S, 74 Main Street.

Great Bargains.
In Gents' clothing, Boots and Shoes, etc., at Watson's.

Goto Stimpson's
For Ice Cream and Strawberries.

Aspinwall Bananas
At KUPITZ & GRIFFIN'S, 74 Main Street.

Croquet Sets, at
HOLLEMBACK'S.

Closing Out Sale.
Remember the closing out sale of clothing for the next twenty days at W. B. WATSON'S.

Messina Lemons
At KUPITZ & GRIFFIN'S, 74 Main Street.

Rubber Boots.
Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

The Only Place.
If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak, remember Forster's restaurant.

Window Glass, all sizes, at
HOLLEMBACK'S.

A Full Line of Window Glass
of all sizes, at DUNN & Co.'s, 92 Main Street.

Pine Apples and Oranges
At KUPITZ & GRIFFIN'S, 74 Main Street.

Forster's, Forster's, Forster's.
is the place to go for your day board.

DISSOLUTION.
The firm of H. P. Douglas & Co. is dissolved this day by mutual consent. Pascal Smith retaining the business will be continued by A. F. Douglas, who will pay all liabilities and collect all assets of the late firm.

Strayed.
From the subscribers, about the first of May, 1880, one pair of dark brown gelding mules, about 11½ hands high, six or seven years old, with figure 4 branded on right jaw. Any person giving any information leading to their recovery will be handsomely rewarded and liberally rewarded. H. T. BUSH & CORWIN, Jamestown, D. T.

Ice Cream by the Quantity
For family use STIMPSON'S.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures indigestion and all disorders of the stomach.

Those who are in want of Day Board should call at Forster's Restaurant on Third St., the quietest and neatest place in the city.

COULSON LINE

1880 1880
Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.

OLD RELIABLE

Coulson Line

Comprised of the following new and elegant passenger steamers, built expressly for the trade, leaving Bismarck regularly during the season of 1880, receiving freight and passengers through to all points East and West, connecting with roads East and West.

MONTANA, WESTERN,
DAKOTA, FAR WEST,
WYOMING, KEY WEST,
ROSE BUD, BLACK HILLS
BIG HORN.

The above steamers are owned and controlled by the Missouri River Transportation Company, fully organized and reliable—not here to-day and away to-morrow, but a fixture we are here to stay.

For information or freight and passenger rates, write or telegraph

W. S. EVANS, Pres., Pittsburgh, Pa.
S. B. COULSON, Gen'l Manager, Bismarck, D. T.
J. C. McVAY, Gen. Frt. Ag't., Yankton.

D. W. Maratta, Gen. Supt.,
Bismarck, D. T.

For Ft. Benton, Saturday, 29th,
7:30 P. M.
Steamer KEY WEST.

Ft. Benton, Thursday, June 3d,
7:30 P. M.
Steamer ROSE BUD.

Ft. Benton, Saturday, June 5th,
7:30 P. M.
Steamer WESTERN.

CLOTHING

GREAT BARGAINS
In Boots and Shoes, for Boys, Youths and Men. Our Stock is complete and our prices lower than ever before. We can suit you as to quality of stock or style, and guarantee that our prices are lower than anywhere else in the city.

St. Paul Branch Clothing House

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.

WANTED.—An occupant for a first-class tenement house. House is centrally located in good neighborhood. Enquire at 111. FORSTER'S.

WANTED.—Two good painters, house and ornamental, are badly wanted at Miles City, M. T.

WANTED.—A girl to do general housework. Good wages. Enquire of F. W. Haid, at brewery, steamboat landing.

WANTED.—A number of coal miners to work in "Baby Mine." Inquire of Charles Thompson, at Sheridan House, or at coal fields on the extension. 52-1

WANTED.—Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "bang up" meal, call at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant. Mandan, D. T.

WANTED.—A few Bismarck City Directories left, at 50 cents and \$1.00 per copy, at THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

For Sale.
FOR SALE.—A Dougherty light Ambulance, in perfect order; a great bargain. Apply to Capt. HAWKINS, Fort Lincoln.

FOR SALE.—The saloon building on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Chris Gilsen. Building will also be rented. Apply to 281. MCLEAN & MACNIDER.

FOR SALE.—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign. 3611

FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttle, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Miscellaneous.
ANY one desiring some good rich top soil can have the same by hauling it away. G. H. FAIRCHILD.

DON'T forget Forster's when you are in town

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large invoice just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

FIRST-class day board at Forster's only \$5 per week

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants, 28½, Main street.

\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address THAX & Co. Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$3 free. Address STIMPSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address A. HALETT & Co. Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet, at MARSHALL'S.

Do you want to save money? Then go to Forster's and buy meal tickets

DRY WOOD.—Steamboatmen will find 500 cords of dry wood at Oak Point, 33 miles above Bismarck. C. L. MERRY.

Money to Loan.
TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of FLANNERY & WETHEBY.

MONEY TO LOAN.—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STATTERY, 414th 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Taken Up.
One black Mare Pony, several years old, with star on forehead—One yearling Horse Pony with white strip on face came to my place on the 15th inst. Owner can have same by proving property and pay charges. W. L. GIBSON, Burnt Creek. 1-3

Stimpson.
Has a ladies' entrance to his Ice Cream Parlors.

White Lead, Linseed Oil
and Turpentine, at HOLLEMBACK'S.

DRUGS

DUNN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
NO. 92 MAIN STREET.

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STEAMBOAT COLUMN

TO MONTANA,

FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.

BENTON P LINE.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line

Comprising the following ten first class Steamers:

Benton, Helena, C. K. Peck,
Butte, Nellie Peck,
Gen. Terry, Peninah,
F. Y. Batchelor, Gen. Meade,
Fontenelle.

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River.

One of the Peck Line steamers leave Sioux City tri-weekly for Fort Pierre, landing for Black Hills, connecting there with F. T. Evans and Dougherty & Co's overland freight trains and daily stages for Deadwood and all points in the Black Hills.

One of the Benton Line Steamers leave Sioux City every Saturday, touching at Bismarck every Saturday for Ft. Benton head waters of Missouri, connecting with T. C. Power & Bro's P. M. overland freight trains and Benton and Helena Daily Stage Line for Helena, Butte, Bozeman, Yago Mines and all interior points in Montana. The Yellowstone Line